JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 17, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1757.

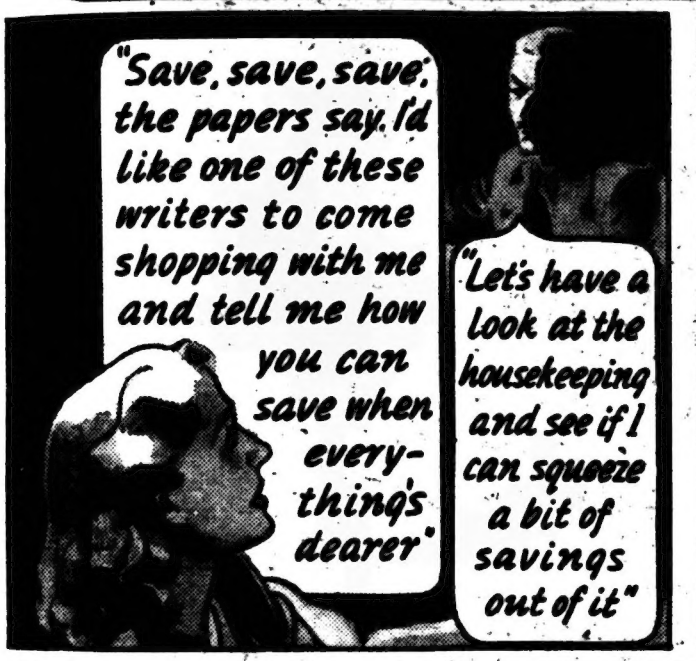
PENSION, £200 and HAMPERS TO BE WON

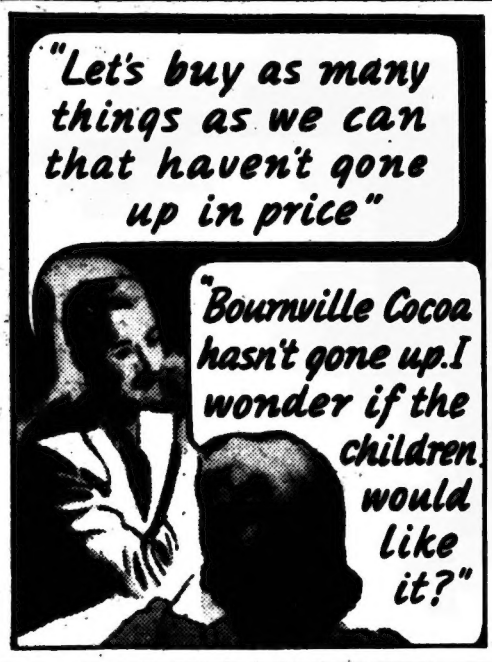
JOHN BULL

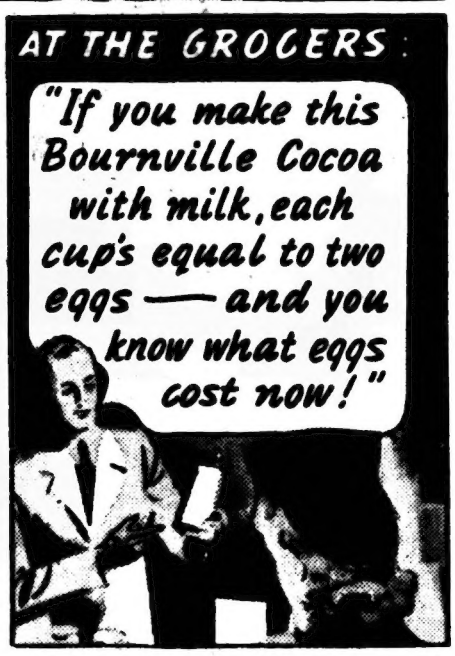
TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

"IT TAKES A MAN TO BALANCE A WAR BUDGET"







BOURNVILLE COCOA

Still at Peace-time price

MADE BY CADBURYS

6D PER QTR LB 11D PER HALF LB

FREE

This Superb Phoenix Glass Ovenware Casserole

★ Here is a reduced illustration of this lovely Casserole. Actual size, 9½ in. by 5¾ in. by 3½ in.

. . . to introduce No. 1 of the NEW EVERYWOMAN

A LOVELY DISH FOR THE TABLE TOO!

HERE'S a further opportunity for every "John Bull" reader to secure a practical Gift for the home—Free! to introduce to women a joyous, new-style, monthly magazine—"EVERYWOMAN," No. 1, out on Tuesday, February 20. "EVERYWOMAN" is the most stimulating magazine that has yet been published for women—NINETY-SIX pages sparkling with really up-to-date ideas. A glowing, all-photogravure art production—daringly different—*and only sevenpence*.

And now about the Gift!

which "EVERYWOMAN" invites you to accept. It is a superb Glass Ovenware Casserole made of guaranteed genuine Gleaming All-British "Phoenix" Glass—Free for you. Post the Reservation Forms below at once!

This Casserole is beautifully designed, with a flawless hygienic crystal-clear surface. It measures 9½ in. long, 5¾ in. wide and 3½ in. deep—the lower dish holds 1 pint. *It carries a ten year guarantee against oven breakage for twelve months* and is good for a lifetime of service. You can braise, stew, roast or bake in it—use it for every type of meal.

All you are asked to do to secure this Free Casserole is, as a new reader, to give "EVERYWOMAN" a fair trial, commencing with No. 1, on sale Tuesday, February 20, and follow the simple directions below.

DO THIS NOW

Post Form and Label at once. On receipt of Forms you will be sent your Gift Voucher entitling you to qualify for your Casserole

TO QUALIFY you are, as a new reader, asked to return Voucher with Four Tokens cut from four consecutive issues of "EVERYWOMAN." Tokens eligible are the series "P," and will be found in the left-hand bottom corner inside the back cover of "EVERYWOMAN." You commence to qualify with No. "P.1" which appears in the No. 1 "EVERYWOMAN."

Together with your completed Voucher and Tokens you are also asked to send in the nominal sum of only 1s. 3d. (one shilling and threepence), which includes insurance against breakage in transit, special packing in Oven Glass container, and carriage right to your home, etc. YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW.

That is all. *There is nothing more to pay or do*, except to see that your newsagent holds a written order for the regular supply of "EVERYWOMAN." THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT. Please be sure to give the Order Form on left below to your newsagent now, and at the same time post your Reservation Forms AT ONCE.

☆ INSIDE No. 1 OF "EVERYWOMAN"

is a Free "Dress Yourself" Guide—a fascinating open-out booklet giving valuable secrets of successful dressmaking, knitting and embroidery.

LYN ARNOLD'S GREAT NEW LOVE SERIAL. No. 1 opens with Lyn Arnold's irresistible love serial—"Joy As It Flies" and three other long complete stories as well.

WONDERFUL NEW HOME SERVICE CENTRE. "Everywoman's" new Home Service Centre will furnish, cook, shop and test everything for you. Here's a really practical new idea.

5-PAGE FASHION PARADE. Smart Spring models, excitingly exclusive but not extreme. Frocks, suits, coats and undies—complete Spring Wardrobe in fact.

GREAT ECONOMY PATTERN OFFER. Here's something you must get—a pattern for a dainty Spring frock, kiddies clothes or a charming dress.

WELCOME GIFT FROM "EVERYWOMAN." Also inside No. 1, on page 67 you will find an offer of a beautiful "MARYLLIA" Lipstick which "EVERYWOMAN" offers to every reader to celebrate its first great issue. That is something really exclusive you must not miss.

AND there's much more in this amazing magazine de luxe—BEAUTY, HAIR STYLES and HATS—every aspect of woman's life is dealt with in a completely NEW and VITALLY MODERN WAY.

HAND FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that the Form below is handed to your newsagent at once. This is also absolutely essential because, owing to wartime publishing restrictions—your newsagent MUST have an order from you.

CUT HERE

EVERYWOMAN
74, MONTHLY

ORDER FORM

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve a copy of "Everywoman" for me monthly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date _____ .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

★ POST THESE FORMS NOW!

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

"PHOENIX" GLASS OVENWARE CASSEROLE

FREE

Applications will be treated in strict rotation

RESERVATION FORM

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form and Label may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

Address envelope to "Everywoman" as shown, and post at

"EVERYWOMAN" CASSEROLE DEPT. J.V.2,
8 ARNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please enter my name for a free "Phoenix" Glass Ovenware Casserole, and send me my Official Gift Voucher on which to qualify. I undertake to give the NEW "Everywoman" a fair trial for four issues. I have already placed an order with my Newsagent for the regular supply of copies of "Everywoman," and give his name and address.

Signature .....

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS — Full Postal Address .....

.....

NEWSAGENT'S NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Date _____ .....

Checked: .....
District Supervisor.

This scheme applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. "John Bull" 17/2/40

CUT HERE

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be Affixed here by YOU

NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

J.V.2.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

Of Special Importance to Shoppers-by-Post

When replying to advertisers' offers, readers should always address their communications clearly, giving name and full postal address, otherwise unavoidable delay and misdirection of goods or correspondence may result.

6 BLANKETS for 2/- DEPOSIT

HEAVY WOOLLY BLANKETS, DOUBLE-BED SIZE. White, Pink, Heather or Air-Force Blue, sent for 2/- deposit, balance payable 2/6 on delivery and 3/- fortnightly until 20/- only is paid. Full cash with order 17/6 only.

ART DOWN QUILT 1/-

FULL DOUBLE-BED SIZE. Well filled and as warm as several blankets. Beautiful Art Silk cover in Gold, Blue, Green or Pink. Send for 1/- deposit, balance payable 2/- on delivery and 3/- fortnightly until 20/- is paid. Full cash with order 18/6 only.

You can have 6 Blankets and Art Down Quilt for 3/- deposit, 4/6 on delivery and 6/- fortnightly.

LANCASHIRE PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.)
19, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO EARN MORE

BE A SPARE TIME AGENT FOR US AND GET—
LIBERAL COMMISSION.
New Spring Catalogues Free.
GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.
No "draw." No taking turns.
POSTAGES PAID.
Stationery supplied free.
NO RISK. NO OUTLAY.
Generous supply of samples allowed.
FAIREST OF EASY TERMS.
You do not need ten or twenty members.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

BESSANTS OF LEICESTER ESTD. [illegible] YEARS

BARGAINS in ROSES

12 BUSH FOR 5/-

Here is an unbeatable offer. 12 Glorious Bush Roses for 5/- carr. paid. Our selection from the best and well-known varieties such as Mrs. H. Stevens, Etoile de Hollande, Phyllis Gold, Shot Silk, Betty Uprichard, Gen. McArthur, Daily Mail, Mdme. Butterfly, 6 for 3/-. Carr. pd.

STANDARD ROSES

15/- Doz., 6 for 8/-, Carr. Pd. Our selection from all the leading varieties, including above.
FREE GIFT: 3 Blackcurrant Bushes (leading varieties) are given with every order for 1 doz. Rose Trees. All Roses are labelled and are carefully packed. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

ROSE GROWERS (Dept. J.B.), Dry Drayton, CAMBRIDGE.

PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

Dallapé, Soprani, Pancotti, Hohner, Scandalli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. 84 Gn. VALUE for 68/-. Piano Finished Cabinet "Stelduni," Metal-bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action; 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses; Complete with Shoulder Strap. Send only 3/- Deposit for 7 Days' Trial. If satisfactory you pay Balance by Monthly Payments of 4/- until 68/- is paid. Full Cash after Approval, 68/- only. Elaborate Tutor. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 88/6, same terms, other models 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, all on Easy Terms. Write for fully illustrated List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments post free.

from 1/- weekly

J. A. DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. J.B.71)
94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

YOURS FOR 6d.

LADIES' or GENT'S model

Advance Design of the specially constructed 'STREAMLINE' shock-proof Wrist Watch, regulated, tested and fully guaranteed to keep perfect time under severe conditions. Non-magnetic, damp-proof, dust-proof, unbreakable glass, Lever Movement, fitted in highly polished Chromium-plated case, with new built-in lugs to ensure snug fitting round the wrist. Complete with leather strap free. Outstandingly plain white dial. Send 6d. deposit and 6d. post and packing now; if satisfactory, 1/6 after 7 days and 1/6 every 14 days until 21/- is paid in all. Cash Price 19/6.

EDWARD BROS. (J.B.17.2)
The Reliable Mail Order House,
6, Bloomsbury St., New Oxford St.,
London, W.C.1.

Become an Agent for CROWN CREDIT CLUBS

AND BUY WAR BONDS WITH YOUR EARNINGS

£3 CASH or £4 GOODS can be earned easily & regularly in Commission!

NO DRAWING FOR TURNS — ONLY FIVE MEMBERS REQUIRED — NO WAITING FOR GOODS

ALL GOODS DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

1,500 Articles at 2/6 and upwards to choose from

PAIR OF LARGE SIZE BLANKETS

5/6

THIS IS ONE OF THE 1,500 BARGAINS OFFERED IN OUR 212 PAGE CATALOGUE, SENT FREE WITH FULL PARTICULARS ON RECEIPT OF THIS COUPON.

Post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp only.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

J.B. 51.

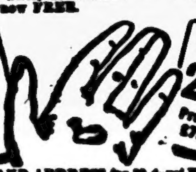
The ATLAS STORES LTD. GT. MARLBOROUGH STREET MANCHESTER 1.

DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no renewals and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL



This Week 25/- ONLY Previously £7.7.0.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. B.12), 343, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

HEATER for 10 x 8 Greenhouse 10/6

POST FREE. Send Cash with order. Satisfaction or refund. 100% Safe

STEADY HEAT (Not Just 'Warmth')

BURNS 4 DAYS at FULL HEAT on 1 Gal. Paraffin. Strongly made, best British Steel, all welded and painted, raised easy-fill cap; clear mica window; easy control, fine chimney. FUMELESS! (Don't risk old Heater.) Ideal for Bathroom, Cellar, Aviary, Outside Lav., etc. LIST FREE! 12 x 8 Greenhouse size 14/6 14 x 8 21/-. 5,000 sold this season. Meets A.R.P. regulations.

SEND NOW! *Buy before prices rise.*

STOCKPORT DISTRIBUTING CO.
(Dept.J.B.), Mersey Street, Portwood, STOCKPORT.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN plans a three-year conflict . . . Hitler prepares for a *ten-year* struggle . . . many believe that there will be Peace in 1940. Who is right? That is the burning question of the hour, debated by millions and discussed in the press of the world.

Never has there been such a clear unbiased summing-up of the TRUE position than that which appeared in a recent issue of the Toronto *Financial Post*. Literary and Political experts consider it outstanding, and on their recommendation it appears in the March issue of "Parade" JUST OUT. It is one of the 40 articles and features selected from the world's best magazine and newspaper reading—in this 132-page March issue—price sevenpence. Get your copy to-day and place a standing order with your newsagent.

132 Pages • 40 Articles and Features

Britain's Mailed Fist in the East. (*Canada*)	Who is the Anti-Christ? (*Paris*)
Navy Sold by Auction. (*London*)	Queer Cargoes. (*S. Africa*)
U-Boats' Greatest Atrocity (*U.S.A.*).	Britain's Last Autocrat. (*Australia*)
Death Reaps a Harvest. (*Dublin*)	Have We a Military Genius? (*Newcastle*)
Bunkum for the Masses. (*Berlin*)	Shanghai Tries to be Gay. (*S. Africa*)
Two Human Monsters. (*London*)	

ETC., ETC.

PARADE
JUST OUT—7d.

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY. .

DURING THE BLACK OUT

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

8/6 DOWN brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON or Dept. 12, 46/47, Newcate St., London, E.C.1.

WRITE for ART LIST

IMPROVED FIRELIGHTER WITHOUT WOOD OR PAPER

A REAL WAR-TIME ECONOMY

2/-

PENN'S INSTANT FIRELIGHTER instantly lights coal or coke fire. No wood or paper required. Can be used indefinitely. This British-made FIRELIGHTER is a great labour-saver and is wanted in every home. Does not burn away. Always ready. No mess. Quick and economical. Saves relaying fires. Can be lit thousands of times with a match. Excellent also for reviving a dead fire and for burning garden rubbish. Send NOW. P.O. or Stamps 2/3 to Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. F. J.B.), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "*Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out,*" which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE, Ltd. (Dept. B.5)
21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

I WILL MAKE YOU A BRILLIANT PIANIST

I DO not say I may—I say positively that I WILL! if I accept you as my pupil. You need no cleverness, only ordinary everyday intelligence and willingness. If a Beginner you quickly learn from Ordinary Music to play easily, Dances, Songs, Hymns and Gems from the Great Masters. If already a player, in a few weeks the whole practice of your art shall be positively and literally transformed! BY POST, crystal clear, Musicianly Training, a child could follow. A teacher by your side always—not for merely half an hour weekly. If you wish to play to the pleasure of every listener—you shall! Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods) enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. I HAVE ENROLLED MORE THAN 800 ADULT PUPILS DURING THE WAR, HAVE TAUGHT OVER 51,000 DURING 35 YEARS, AND I CAN TEACH YOU.

PROOF:—Beginner 50142, Age 17:—"Your System is really far superior to the old fashioned methods of teaching, I know, because I have tried both, and how I used to hate those monotonous first-finger exercises I was made to perform. Little did I think before I took up your Course that I should be able to entertain my friends as I am now able to do."
Beginner 49412, Age 24:—"Your Course has been wonderful and a pleasure to have such an excellent tutor by one's side all the time. I can earnestly recommend it to everybody."

Send p.c. for free book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and Form for free advice.
Say if Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER (British by Birth and Descent)
(Dept. 981), 69, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

RETAILERS

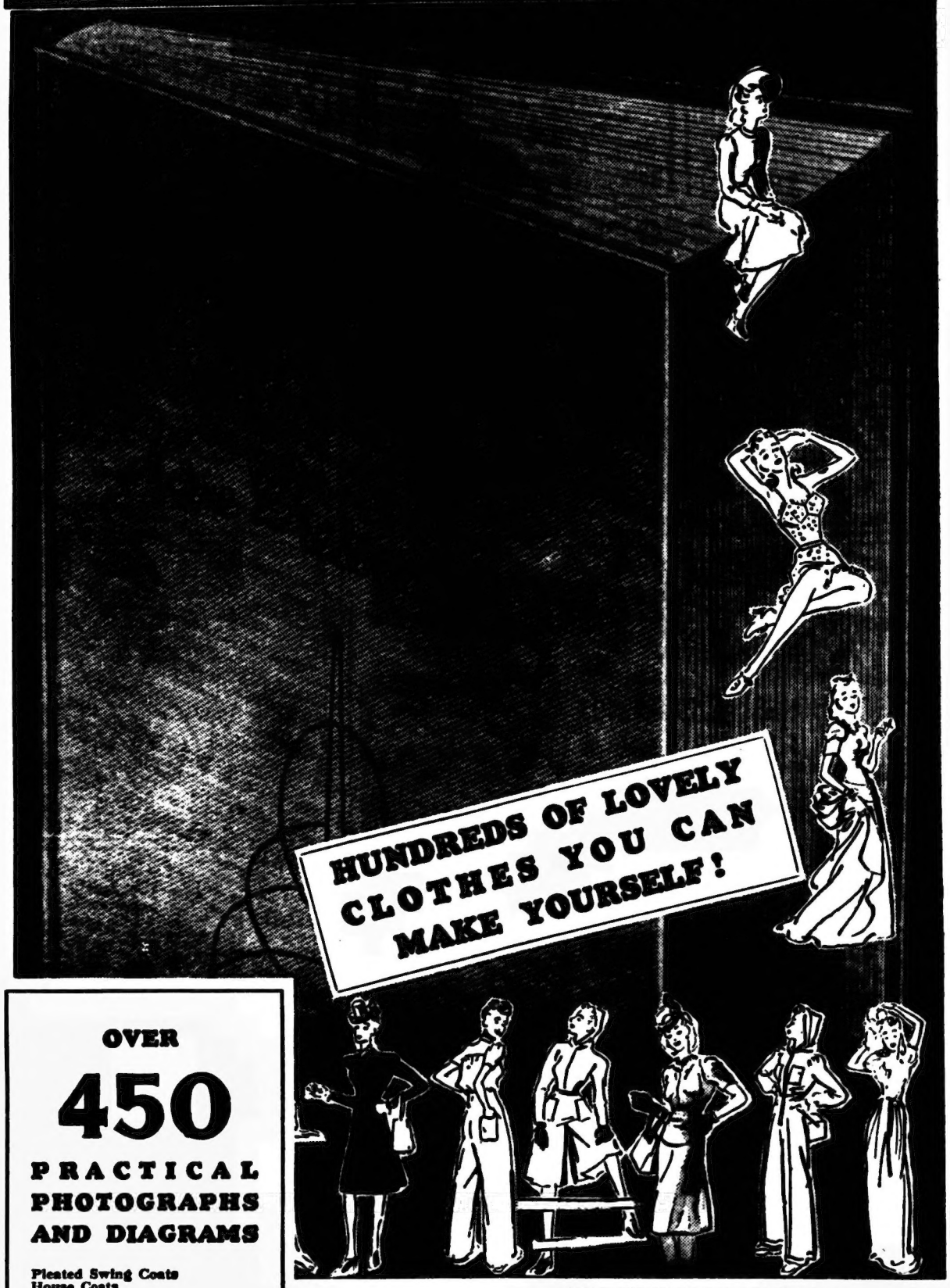
The War has made shopping and travelling difficult, and THOUSANDS OF ORDERS are sent through the post daily. Do you have your share of this EXTRA BUSINESS, or are your activities confined to local requirements only?

By advertising in "JOHN BULL'S" FAMOUS SHOP WINDOW your business can be extended Country wide and enable you to reach out for trade on a NATIONAL SCALE. Why not make "JOHN BULL" your most active Salesman among the MILLIONS who read the announcements every week?

For particulars and rates write on business letter heading to: Manager, Mens & Sales Development Dept., "JOHN BULL," Room 23, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"John Bull's" Great New Privilege Offer to every one of its readers

THE PICTORIAL GUIDE to MODERN HOME DRESSMAKING



Thousands of Wonderful Dressmaking Secrets. A Really Amazing Book Bargain for every Woman!

AN ENTIRELY NEW BOOK! Never before published! How every woman can make all kinds of smart and serviceable clothes—over 450 practical photographs and explanatory diagrams—full, easy to understand instructions—thousands of valuable hints. Yours at an amazing pre-war privilege price if you apply at once. Let us emphasize—in order to get this Book at this bargain price you must apply at once!

★ **This week "John Bull" presents for every one of its readers the latest and greatest book of its kind—"THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME DRESSMAKING." This work—now coming off the press—shows in over 450 how-to-do-it photographs and diagrams and easily understandable instructions, how every woman can make lovely lingerie, costumes, dresses, coats, pyjamas, hats—everything, in fact. In the ordinary way this book would cost you many times the price at which it is offered, yet, provided you apply at once, it is yours for the amazingly low pre-war privilege price of only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. All you do now is send in Forms below—together with 3d. in stamps. This reserves and guarantees your volume in your name. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Post Forms below TO-DAY.**

This is a Standard work—you can follow its complete and reliable guidance all your life! It teaches you all the essential principles, secrets, hints and wrinkles of dressmaking—how to plan and make any and every garment and in any style you want—perfectly cut—a perfect fit! How to make patterns—choose the right material—mark out—cut out—fit and finish.

A special feature of this book is the big picture section on clothes to make and wear in war time.

This book is printed on ivory-finish paper. Size: 10 in. deep by 7½ in. wide.

For the Standard Edition, bound in woven crash cloth, embossed on the spine and front, you send, after you have received your Invoice, *only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.*

For the De Luxe Edition, bound in a washable, fast-to-light material, embossed on the spine and front, you send, after you have received your Invoice, *only 3s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.*

Now read the simple "Do this now" directions below and post Forms at once.

POST AT ONCE!

OVER

450

PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS

- Pleated Swing Coats
- House Coats
- Tailored Dresses
- Fancy Aprons
- Lingerie Processes
- Dress Slips
- Cami-Knickers
- Petticoats
- Nightgowns
- Lingerie
- Baby's Frocks
- Attractive Overalls
- Pattern Layouts
- Cutting Out
- Fitting
- Remedying Faults
- Altering Patterns
- Embroidering with the Sewing Machine
- Pattern Drafting
- Pattern Making
- Patterns Made Entirely from Measures
- Pattern Modelling
- Finishing Processes
- The Treatment of Openings and Fastenings
- Miscellaneous Hints on Finishings.
- Renovations.
- Repairs in Dressmaking
- Colour in Dressmaking
- Dress Embroidery
- Decoration with Applique
- Planning Accessories as Dress Decoration
- Millinery
- Etc., Etc., Etc.

DO THIS NOW

Fill in the Reservation Forms, affix halfpenny stamp to the Label, and post at once, together with your Reservation Fee of 3d. (threepence) in loose stamps. Be sure to indicate Edition required. On receipt of Forms you will be sent a Privilege Invoice entitling you to secure your book on the special pre-war Privilege Terms. You then send in your remittance and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid, the moment it is off the press. Don't miss this wonderful new book. Post Forms on right to-day!

★ IMPORTANT TO MEN!

Make sure that your mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts see this announcement. Show it to them and see how pleased they'll be to have this Book. If you want to give them a thrilling surprise send for the Book yourself and present it to them. They'll love it!

CUT ALONG HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS

"JOHN BULL"

BOOK RESERVATION ORDER FORM

ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown below and post to:—
BOOK DEPT., J.V.1,
"JOHN BULL," 39, Earlham Street,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Pref.).

Please reserve in my name "THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME DRESSMAKING," and send me a Privilege Invoice entitling me to the special Privilege Price. I enclose with this Form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I have indicated edition desired.

IMPORTANT
You must send with this Form and Label your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. Fill in your name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS on Label and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp to space provided. Form and Label and 3d. in stamps must be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three - halfpenny stamp.

STANDARD EDITION } You MUST cross out Edition NOT required. { DE LUXE EDITION

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....
DATE _____ .....

The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Thursday, February 22. Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 17/2/40

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME
.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS
.....
.....
.....
J.V.1.

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, Cloister Herbal Tea is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those blackout blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists.

HOW MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH

Everyone who tries the new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is amazed to see how completely it removes ugly stains, and leaves the teeth amazingly white. A most astonishing discovery! Why is 'Milk of Magnesia' such an effective whitener? The reason is that it instantly neutralizes the harmful mouth acids which encourage the formation of dingy yellow deposits and tartar on the teeth. Moreover, it destroys the cause of decay germs which swarm in the acid mouth. The toothpaste that gives you this marvellous tooth-whitening service is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, and it alone contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Get a tube to-day and try it. Results will show you why over twelve thousand dentists are recommending patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia every day. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

RHEUMATISM & BAD CIRCULATION

Stated to be incurable, Miss Sharp, Appley Bridge, Wigan, writes:—

"I suffered two years from Rheumatism and Bad Circulation and could not walk or sleep. My finger ends used to go dead. I had no use in my limbs and was stated to be incurable. I took Vitadatio, and after three doses felt the circulation moving and now, after 10 bottles, I can walk and do my own work."

Vitadatio is invaluable for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Liver, Kidney and Stomach troubles. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.). From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** R.S. 121

HOW TO BRIGHTEN "BLACK OUTS"

HERE is an interesting way to spend long black evenings and turning every spare minute into spare cash. Get a G.T.L. home chest and home repairing outfit. With it you can make a thousand and one articles for your home and garden, save pounds by doing your own repairs, and you can add to your income by making articles to sell. No experience needed, as a valuable free instruction book containing over 200 working Illustrations is included in every G.T.L. Tool Chest. Readers of this paper who would like to learn more about this home repairing outfit should write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Guaranteed Tools, Ltd., 12-13, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1, for beautifully illustrated booklet, together with full particulars of a special price offer.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

"Sign for Security" Series No. 2.

THE warning has been flashed through. Immediately every Auxiliary Air Force Crew swings into action.

Up go the Barrage Balloons, taking with them mile after mile of heavy steel cable that spells swift destruction to enemy planes—forcing them relentlessly into the range of our anti-aircraft batteries.

BRITAIN IS READY!

Guns, Planes, Observer Corps, A.R.P. Organisations—every man and woman trained and equipped for instant action—all await attack, with calmness and confidence. And "John Bull," too, is ready to give its readers the protection of its vital Wartime Security Gift. Almost daily we hear of Nazi raids on our coasts. Now, more than ever, it is the duty of every citizen to be PREPARED.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

For your own sake and that of your dependants you should, without hesitation, secure "John Bull's" vital gift of Wartime Security:—

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

Following are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance.

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.

£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife.

£100 for loss of two limbs.

£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.

£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.

£50 for loss of one limb.

£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM & FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY & HOUSEBREAKING up to £500.

Take "John Bull's" advice—make sure of this DOUBLE protection while there is yet time. Use the forms below to-day. We need not be pessimistic. We need not go about expecting the worst. But forethought is better than afterthought in these days of uncertainty and tension. You owe it as a duty to yourself and your dependants to secure this protection immediately. Do it NOW! You cannot afford to delay. Use the Forms below TO-DAY!

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 17/2/1940.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 17/2/1940

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

A grand pipeful

You can afford to be generous to yourself with 'Digger' in your pipe. This fine Empire tobacco gives you a full, rich satisfying smoke and an ounce still shows you change out of a shilling.

11D. AN OZ

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEY-DEW

YADIL CLEARS COLDS

At the first sign of an approaching cold—take YADIL. This internal antiseptic is a common-sense treatment, for it gives quick relief from high temperatures and clears the poisoning germs from the bloodstream. Try its remarkable powers for yourself—get YADIL to-day.

YADIL *Write now for free copy of the new YADIL HEALTH BOOK*

Sole Internal Antiseptic 1/3 and larger, from Chemists, or direct from YADIL (1935) LTD., Dept. J.B., Springfield, London, E.5

SKIN DISEASES

Miraculously Cured by HERBAL TREATMENT

Thousands cured during the past 30 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other Skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

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THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!

Ambitious Readers—Don't overlook this offer.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get full details and free advice from Mr. Bennett (Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Sheffield). It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on application to Mr. J. H. Bennett, Dept. 21, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

"BOIL MY WASH? NEVER!"

says Mrs. Griffiths, of Handsworth, Birmingham

Mrs. Griffiths adds: "This is the simple Oxydol washing method I use. It washes my white clothes whiter than ever!"

1 Simply fill the copper or tub with medium hot water.

2 Sprinkle in enough Oxydol to swish up into good lathery suds. You only need a little.

3 Let your clothes soak for 15 minutes. Then rinse in the usual way. Hang on the line and you'll be amazed how dazzling white your wash will dry—whiter than ever before!

After doing her weekly wash—Mrs. Griffiths actually has enough Oxydol left in the package to do all these other jobs as well!

Washing-up for a week. Washing 8 electric light shades. Washing bath and bathroom paintwork. Washing 4 dusters and 2 aprons. Washing down dresser. Washing fireplace and mantelpiece.

Penny for penny you can do twice as much washing with Oxydol. Change to Oxydol today, and save!

HOUSEWIVES! END BOILING..SOAK CLOTHES WHITER..OXYDOL SAVES TWO-THIRDS GAS!

Boiling clothes eats up gas and coal. Millions of women have proved that by soaking their clothes in Oxydol suds for 15 minutes they end boiling and cut down washday gas bills by at least two-thirds! As for whiteness — every Oxydol user will tell you "Oxydol gets my wash far whiter than those old boiling powders ever did."

But that's not all. The Oxydol "no boil" method means no more headaches from hot steam-filled sculleries. And because clothes are soaked, not boiled, they last so much longer.

As for coloureds, women who use Oxydol know from experience that there's no soap like Oxydol for washing coloured fabrics bright as new, month after month. And they know, too, that there's nothing like rich Oxydol suds for washing-up — makes glass and china sparkling bright! Change to this amazing money-saving Oxydol, today!

COLOURS FULL OF OOMPH!

Mrs. Griffiths says: "You should see my coloured things! A quick wash through for the delicate ones — a ten-minute soak for heavier fabrics — and all my colours come up bright and fresh as new, wash after wash!"

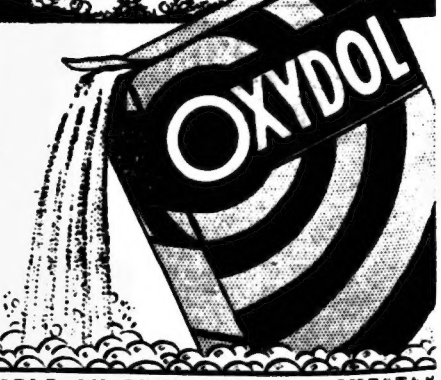
"DISHES ALL ASHINE-O," says Mrs. Griffiths

"Washing-up's a treat with Oxydol — there's nothing to it. A little Oxydol whisks up into enough rich suds to wash the biggest pile of dishes. And — my! — how sweet and sparkling my glassware dries when it's been washed with Oxydol!"

OXYDOL

SOAKS WHITE CLOTHES WHITER —NO BOILING

Oxydol is on sale at your shop today: 1/-, 6d. & 3½d. Buy the larger sizes: they are most economical.



THOS. HEDLEY AND CO. LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 17, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

Four Roads To Nowhere

MEET Mr. Facing-Four-Ways.

You've met him before as Adolf Hitler; before that he was Schickelgruber.

Next month he must decide whether to launch a great offensive or continue passively to be worn down by our economic weight.

Allied High Commands, believing he is looking in four directions, are prepared to counter him in any or all of them.

Air Raid Odds

It is known that he still wants to bomb British ports "with an onslaught that has never been known before in history" (as his jovial friend Goering puts it).

We're ready for that. But many Nazi experts are advising against, afraid of equally heavy reprisals by the R.A.F.

Chances that this first plan will actually be used soon are reckoned as fifty-fifty.

Checkmate No. 2

The second plan concerns Holland and Belgium. It is certain that invasion of these countries has been postponed, not cancelled.

Surprise factor has been lost.

No secret that the B.E.F. is held in readiness for such a move, and Allied High Command has reason to believe that Hitler will now be as reluctant to try this gamble as to sacrifice a million or two men by trying to break through the Maginot Line.

Sir John Simon will ask for another extra War Credit soon to meet a further speed-up of arms output. It will probably be £300,000,000.

Northern Fights

Denmark could be quickly overrun; the mineral wealth of Sweden is coveted.

Much depends on events in Finland during the next week or two. In any case there is a strong possibility of a "blitzkrieg" against Scandinavia.

Way Down South

Lastly, there is the possibility of a joint Nazi-Soviet drive through the Balkans to the oilfields of Iraq and Iran.

Turkey is vigilant. So is the great Anglo-French army in the Near East under the command of General Weygand.

Because of Russian preoccupation with Finland, the chances that this fourth plan will be carried out are assessed at not higher than 40 per cent.

March is Zero Hour

There is just a possibility that Hitler will stay his hand apart from continuing attacks on British and neutral shipping.

One group of his advisers, while admitting that Germany cannot last out financially as long as the Allies, argue that British morale would crumple under the stress of long inaction; grumbling would cause labour troubles and dissensions.

Safe to predict that impatient Hitler would crumple even sooner.

March remains zero hour.

Income tax at 8s. 6d. in the £ is a strong Budget possibility. Estimates are being worked out.

Carol's Keen S.S. Men

Adolf's minor plans are melting away like the snow in the recent thaw. King Carol is quietly suppressing Nazi attempts to terrorise Rumanian oil districts.

His secret service is rounding up Nazi agents bent on destroying British and French interests and has cut their "underground railway" to Berlin.

Clumsy Deception

Suspicion is now confirmed that Nazi agents in the United States have forged British securities and bearer bonds and are offering them at cut prices.

They hope to discredit us in this way and get much-needed foreign currency. But the forgeries are too clumsy, deceive no one.

Fiercest criticism should be levelled against the Government's surrender to the railways

War on the Spies

Switzerland, Holland and Sweden have tightened their counter-espionage measures.

The Swiss make all Germans prove their bona-fides before allowing them to cross the frontier.

All pro-Nazi organisations have been dissolved in Holland.

In Sweden all Germans must be vouched for by loyal Swedes or be sent back.

Gen. von Keitel has ordered expert report on Nazi gunnery, because Nazi fire is much inferior to that of British and French light artillery. France has new gun even better than the famous .75 of the last war.

Trouble at Home

The 14-hour day decreed for all transport workers is already leading to hidden discontent in Naziland.

In the factories, ca'canny is spreading.

Output at the huge Durkopp works has fallen by 37 per cent. since the war.

Sign of Spring

Spring may pass without an offensive against Belgium, because the Nazi film concern Ufa is going on location in Belgium next month.

Careful military watch will be kept so that only historical pictures will be taken. Belgians know why German photographers visited their country before the last war.

Once bitten, twice shy.

Doing Nicely, Thank You

By contrast with Germany, Britain is doing well. Yet criticism goes on, and must go on if we are to make our war effort still more effective and our people still prouder of the democracy for which we fight.

Fiercest criticism should be levelled against the Government's surrender to the railways.

We know and sympathise with the plight of small stockholders.

Their hard times in recent years does not make it the less scandalous that vested interests are to be allowed huge war profits.

(Continued overleaf.)

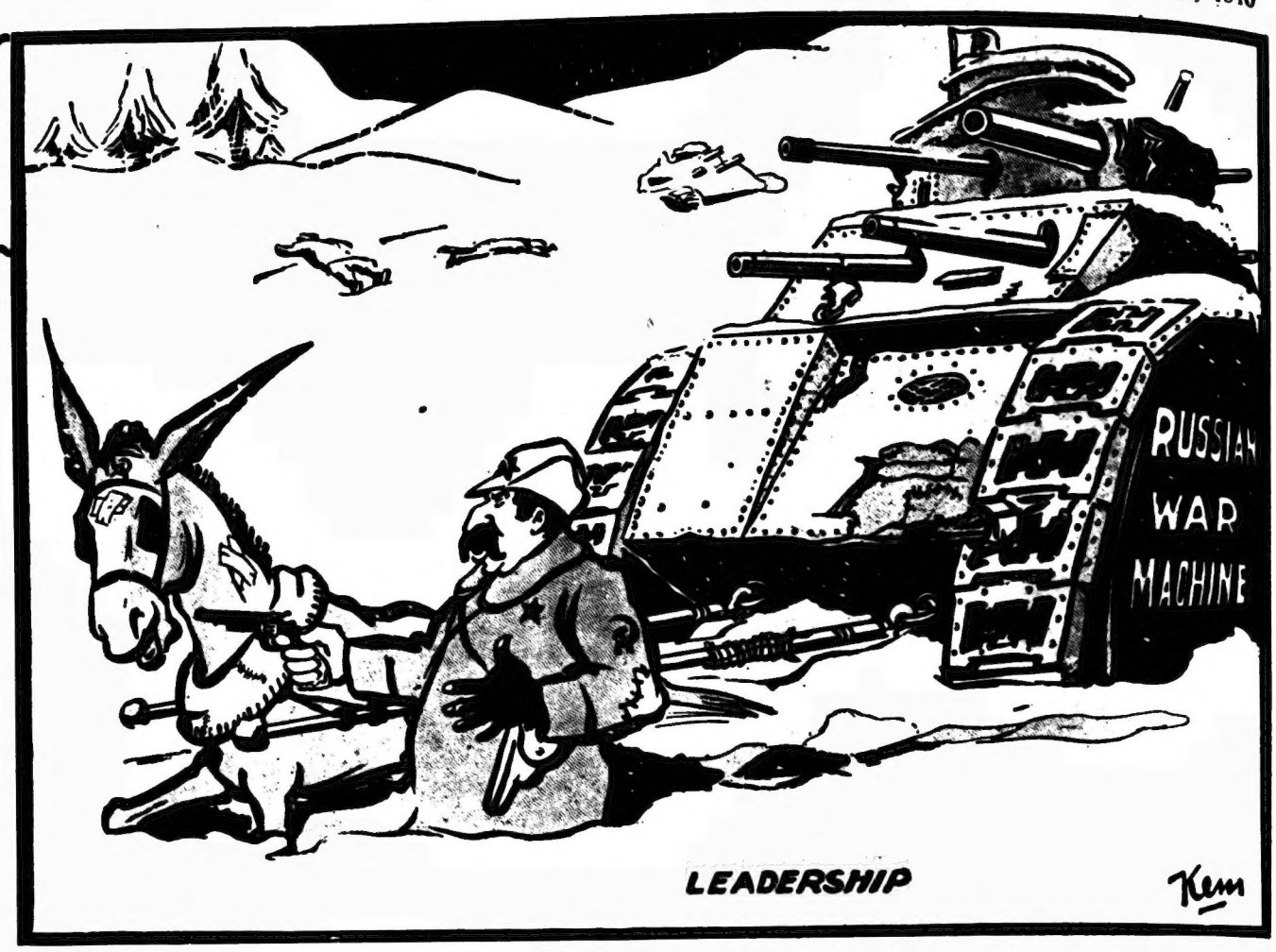
"WE MUST BE PREPARED TO FACE... ANOTHER AND MORE STRENUOUS AND DIFFICULT CHAPTER OF THE WAR IN THE AIR."—Sir Kingsley Wood, Air Minister

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER *See page 5*

KEM'S CARTOON



★ Some Grousing is Justified
★ Sir Kingsley Must Explain
★ Bananas for Rubbish Dumps
★ T.U.C. Chiefs Doing Too Much ?

Continued from previous page

Those Empty Grates

Coals of fire should be heaped on the head of Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Minister of Mines, for the empty grates at which so many people had to stare during the bitter weather.

Not all the trouble can be excused on the plea of transport dislocation. Some coal merchants have accepted too many registrations, others haven't enough customers.

Mr. Lloyd's expensive fuel committees should stop twiddling thumbs to see that business is shared more evenly.

Doing Too Much !

More important than Mr. Lloyd and his fellow "Junior Ministers" are trade union chiefs now making a fine job of organising for war needs.

But we fancy that some are overworking.

The biggest brains of the T.U.C., men such as Bevin, Dukes, Marchbanks and Lawther, are not serving on more than one Government Committee.

One or two of their colleagues have accepted half-a-dozen posts, each one of which should be a full-time and high-pressure job.

That is unwise.

Tests have shown that petrol in German aircraft brought down in Britain was of decidedly inferior quality.

Shot for Mr. Stanley

Next on our list of Big Names is Mr. Oliver Stanley, Minister for War, who bids us remember that some hardships are inevitable in war.

We agree. Petty grumbling is a blow at the nation.

But not all the grouses reaching "John Bull" are petty. Not all the hardships reported are inevitable. Mr. Stanley will probably agree that some could be remedied by a little commonsense, a little organisation that his subordinates have neglected.

Let us give him some examples.

What About It ?

JOHN BULL hears of men being operated on in draughty tents, of other soldiers, stricken with influenza, receiving no treatment because medical officers cannot obtain drugs.

Such complaints do not come from one camp alone, Mr. Stanley.

Food Troubles

Grumbles about bad and insufficient food are not confined to a few barracks. Many men, including last war veterans, spend much of their pay on extra rations.

Plagues of typhus and typhoid are expected to ravage Poland this summer. Direct result of Nazi oppression, according to American health experts.

Elsewhere, food is excellent and plentiful. But it should be general throughout the Army.

Not All Grousers

There are also complaints of lack of boots and fuel, of bad billets. Undoubtedly some may be dismissed as the work of habitual grousers. But not all.

Mr. Stanley should at least investigate.

In return, he'll find that the average Tommy and the average civilian are prepared to accept reasonable sacrifices and reasonable "hardships."

Not Worth While

On one subject JOHN BULL is not prepared to be reasonable. We remain fiercely angry with doctors who pass

Stories about "Rumanian aid for Germany" owe their origin to Nazi propaganda, are designed to shake the Allied camp, are angering King Carol.

unfit men for military service, often to the dismay of Army doctors who soon have those men as patients.

One mother tells us that her two boys have been passed into khaki. Both have had long years of illness, including tuberculosis. She had to watch two of their brothers slowly die of the same malady.

Putting human feelings aside, it is not in the interests of the State to make soldiers of ex-consumptives.

Prodding Sir Kingsley

Let JOHN BULL goad the bustling, portly Air Minister. Sir Kingsley must be told that one of his officials is responsible for a stupid waste of public money, a stupid blow at the nation's efficiency.

Do you remember our telling you, two years ago, that grass had become part of Britain's first line of defence?

It was discovered that ordinary grass could be cut and preserved without drying, so that cattle and sheep could be fed on fresh food the whole year round.

That British discovery, which Nazi agents tried in vain to secure, was exploited by a firm that was given Air Ministry contracts to cut the grass of two aerodromes.

Contract Cancelled

Three thousand tons of useful fodder were obtained last year and eagerly bought by farmers.

Negotiations were started for twenty-five other aerodromes to be similarly treated.

Then the Air Ministry sent a curt note last July, cancelling the five-year contract.

It is Sheer Waste !

The Ministry of Agriculture is puzzled.

The Treasury, before which a claim for £15,000 compensation has been laid, merely tells the firm that the matter will be considered in due course.

Since thirty aerodromes alone would bring farmers 50,000 tons of fodder, a great discovery is being wasted by petty officialdom.

All for Mr. Brown

Mr. Ernest Brown has to cater both for the Fighting Services and industry. An immense job that must be taxing his robust frame.

But we plead with him to spare just a minute to think of the Northamptonshire unemployed who, unable to reach the employment exchange six miles away because of snow-bound roads, were told that even if the distance were twenty miles they must turn up or lose their "dole."

"Shakes'" Mistake

Next Minister under the microscope is Mr. "Shakes" Morrison. His meat-rationing scheme is belated, but the amounts allowed each person compare favourably with those of the last war.

There is one factor that Mr. Morrison has not mentioned. Richer folk will add to their rations by buying poultry.

And there will be profiteering there unless Mr. Morrison clamps down maximum prices.

Can He Answer ?

Despite his warning, many shopkeepers are supplying extra amounts of butter. Customers are being pressed to take as much as an additional pound.

There is nothing criminal about that, because some districts are being sent much more than normal supplies. But

Soviet Air Command has privately reported to Voroshiloff that large proportion of Red aircraft losses have been due to desertion. Finns offer £2,500 for each undamaged machine, with free passage to any country in the world for its crew.

it's monstrously unfair to the rest of the public.

Finally, Mr. Morrison should tell us why a boat unloaded 200 tons of ripe but perfectly good bananas at West India docks last week on rubbish barges bound for manure heaps!

Sailors in Need

Think next of the men bringing us that cargo. The Merchant Navy and fishing fleets need knitted comforts as badly as the Army.

So let the needles click out the day's good deed.

If you send your gifts to the British Sailors' Society, Ingham Old Hall, near Norwich, no seaman will have to pay a penny to gain their much-wanted warmth.

Something new is a potato shortage in Germany. Supplies are going to synthetic petrol factories instead of shops. Meat, butter and cooking fats are still almost unobtainable, although housewives say that Nazi officials get plenty. Yet don't believe that Germany is yet nearing starvation point.

FOOLS, KNAVES and TRAITORS!

—Confusing liberty with licence, they form Hitler's "Fifth Column" in this country. Their activities must be checked.

FREEDOM has never been "free." Every liberty we enjoy has been bought with a price; every privilege we now take for granted was won only after bitter struggle.

Like the cloak of the holy man, the freedom for which we are now fighting harbours many vermin. Sedition, defeatism, cowardice and compromise thrive in the safety of its legal seams.

We are a united nation, but, now and again, our shoulders crawl to the itch of a cheapjack treachery. And the vermin we cannot reach begin in these days to grow overbold.

It is not our habit to mince words in JOHN BULL, and so, dropping all metaphor, we here denounce as pests—and, to that extent, public enemies—every variety of quitter, self-seeker, fanatic, muddle-headed idiot and misled idealist now advocating "peace at any price."

FOR COMPROMISE IN THIS WAR IS ONLY ANOTHER TERM FOR DEFEAT, AND ANYTHING LESS THAN COMPLETE VICTORY MUST MEAN SURRENDER.

Some people make the mistake of thinking that, because we don't hate the German people, it follows that they—the Nazis—don't hate us. But they do. They seek to destroy our Empire.

They mean to crush France as well. Their plans are cut and dried. If they win, they intend to make us subject peoples. They have shown no mercy to the Czechs and the Poles and they would show none to us.

ALREADY their controlled Press is boasting—with "kolossal" candour and impudence—that, when Germany dominates Europe, all true Nazis will have to realise that they are "the masters" and the conquered peoples their "servants."

That is why Mr. Oliver Stanley, in the first public speech he made after becoming War Minister, said: "I have only one war aim—to win the war; only one peace aim—that the peace shall be lasting."

JOHN BULL accepts this statement of the country's aims without reserve. We, too, realise that "there will be no victory without tears."

And we, too, are resolved that never again, under Hitlerism or any other régime, shall Germany be allowed the power "to inflict upon the world the misery and suffering which she has inflicted twice in a single generation."

We cannot understand how anybody, having studied Hitler's record and witnessed his infamies not through British but through neutral eyes, can be mad enough to suppose that it is possible to make a lasting peace with this man.

But in every society there are minorities of fools, knaves and traitors. Here in Great Britain the fools outnumber the knaves and the traitors by ten to one.

Some of them are sheer sentimentalists. They hate war, as all intelligent people must do, but they do not realise that its worst horrors are better to be borne than the shame and agony of defeat.

SOME are blinded by "politics"; some deceived by pinchbeck politicians with no electoral backing; and some, no doubt, are just selfish and stupid, hoping to buy off the warmongers in exchange for a shoddy truce which, they think, will last their lifetime.

But, whatever their motives, the fools who want to stop the war are scarcely less dangerous than the knaves and traitors who are prepared deliberately to sell the national pass.

Nazi Germany, whose secret enemies must be a hundred times more numerous than all our stop-the-war fools and knaves put together, punishes open criticism with savage imprisonment or with death.

The German who dares even to listen to a foreign or neutral broadcast does so, literally, at the risk of his head.

But here there are a dozen or more organisations publicly conducting an anti-war crusade and doing their utmost to undermine the country's morale.

THEY owe their immunity solely to British freedom, which we are fighting to defend and which they would fling away by a cowardly bargain with the vilest despotism the world has ever known.

You have all noticed, no doubt, that regulations are to be tightened and penalties increased in order to check that idle gossip which is now so prevalent, so harmless in intention, and yet so dangerous when overheard by enemy ears and pieced together by adroit enemy intelligence.

There is even talk of imposing the death penalty for grossly careless or reckless disclosure of information useful to the enemy.

JOHN BULL, the last-ditch fighter for individual liberty, the most jealous watchdog of every right and privilege we still enjoy, has no complaint to make of this extension of emergency powers.

But we solemnly assert that the danger of idle gossip is as nothing to the danger of subversive propaganda, and that the mere clatter of idle tongues is far less to be feared than the considered calumnies and the "special pleading" of Hitler's Fifth Column.

You remember Franco's Fifth Column during the Spanish Civil War—the whisperers, the defeatists and the quitters who tried ceaselessly to spread disaffection from within the Republican ranks? Well, Hitler's Fifth Column now is trying in exactly the same way to sap our morale and weaken our national resolve.

The British Union of Fascists, led by Sir Oswald Mosley, the escapist of every recognised political Party, is clamouring for "a British peace"—God save the mark!—and suggesting most unfairly that Servicemen are being sacrificed to the comfort of privileged civilians.

The out-and-out Communists—rejected and scorned by the serried ranks of British Labour—cling stubbornly to their former belief in Bolshevism and their faith in Joseph Stalin as its prophet.

They wilfully shut their eyes to Stalin's treachery to every communistic ideal. They ignore Finland's magnificent and inspiring stand for liberty. And, like parrots, they repeat their old slogan: "Stop this imperialist and capitalist war!"

The Peace Pledge Union, formed with a lofty ideal, is surely going beyond its original purpose by providing our young men with arguments that will enable them to escape conscription.

And from Glasgow, right through the Midlands down to London and the West Country, all sorts of pitiful little groups of cranks, cowards and half-wit rebels, whom we will not flatter by special mention, are yammering from soap-boxes or publishing disgraceful leaflets.

If this were Germany, a thousand heads would fall. If Scotland Yard had the abominable powers of the Gestapo, there would be such a purge in Britain as has not been known since the days of the Star Chamber.

But we still believe in liberty. We still suffer the vermin to live in the legal seams of Freedom's mantle. And we continue willingly to pay the ceaseless price of free speech and a free Press.

We would not have it otherwise. Recently the *Daily Worker*, official organ of the Communist Party, was refused permission to send a correspondent to Finland. There may have been specific reasons for this refusal, but, if there were none, we think it was a tactical error.

NOR would we seek to impede any public meeting by any declared opponents of the nation's war policy; nor any criticism, however outspoken, of the Government's present activities.

Nevertheless, there must be some limit to public toleration of fools and knaves and traitors. We cannot allow—and the law does not allow—sedition.

For the sake of that larger liberty which outweighs all small personal considerations, we must continue to put up with well-meaning idiots and rogues cautious enough to keep within the law.

BUT THE AUTHORITIES SHOULD ACT — AND ACT INSTANTLY — AGAINST EVERY SUBVERSIVE INDIVIDUAL OR GROUP WHICH ATTEMPTS TO SEDUCE SERVICEMEN FROM THEIR DUTY OR INCITE THE PUBLIC AGAINST LAWFUL AUTHORITY.

We are not making mountains out of molehills. We do not believe that the entire weight of the peace-at-any-price organisations in this country could so much as sway the balance of Britain's resolve to win the war.

But we do think it necessary to remind every loyal man and woman in the country that we have enemies within our gates as well as without them.

And we do implore our readers to remember that the fools and the knaves and the traitors now clamouring for a patched-up peace would sell us into slavery whether they know it or not.

"Make no mistake about it," said the National Chairman of the British Legion in a recent speech, "this country is up against it—more to-day than ever in its history. Unless we all pull together, God knows what will happen."

Without Fear or Favour
By the EDITOR

Tell "John Bull" About It!

NIGHT LIFE IN THE BLACKOUT—4

By Richard MORTON

Secrets of LONDON'S HARLEM

In the best clubs, the negro musicians supply hot music none can equal.

AS the door at the top of the stairs swings back, melody floods up from below, the wail of muted trumpets and the soft, sad note of saxophones blended in lazy rhythm.

Tobacco smoke hangs in a blue haze over everything, and at the far end of the long room a tall, thin coloured boy is singing

"St. Louis woman with yo' diamond rings,
Dragging yo' man aroun' by yo' apron strings. . . ."

He shuts his eyes and gently slaps his pink palms, swaying from the hips in ecstasy.

Near him a reedy, coffee-coloured girl with pouting red lips and kinky hair plastered skull-flat with glistening brilliantine, nestles close in the arms of a big, plum-black negro.

Sweat rolls down his fat cheeks, and his teeth flash gold when he laughs. Their feet barely move, but their bodies, like the singer's, move to the seductive beat of the blues.

THE girl throws back her shining head and flirts her hips until her brief skirt swings halfway up her slim thighs.

"Oh, man," she shrills. "Swing that trumpet!"

All around, packed tight on the narrow floor, knee to knee and hip to hip, coloured boys and their girl-friends are dancing.

Chocolates, brownskins, high yellows, the negro description for a light-coloured boy or girl, every hue and shade from deepest indigo to palest sepia is here. This is London's Harlem, where the coloured folk collect after dark.

There are half a dozen typical negro haunts in and around Soho.

They include show places to which curious white people may go in safety, and vicious dens frequented by coloured crooks, sneak thieves and dope pedlars.

At some you can find grand entertainment.

There is something irresistibly infectious about coloured folk at play. They laugh so easily, and rhythm is in their blood.

One of the best-known resorts in London's Harlem, behind Regent Street, often presents a 3 a.m. floor show that could not be bought for £1,000 a week.

All the coloured stars go there when in town.

Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, Nina Mae McKinney, the Mills Brothers, Valaida, Fats Waller and scores more have given impromptu shows here.

Londoners saw truckin', the Big Apple, swing-dancing and "jitterbugging" at this club months before such eccentricities spread to other dance halls. The best people patronise it. They get a kick out of thinking they are on the fringe of the underworld.

And they get their money's worth in atmosphere, even though they are as far from the underworld as they would be in their exclusive homes. But not all the West End's Harlem is so harmless.

In some clubs dancing is only a blind for every kind of vice. There are dives where the only white customers are "cokeys" looking for the "snow man," who provides them with drugs, and perverts who derive excitement from mingling with coloured folk.

No decent negro would dream of setting foot in such places. Those who do are all on the wrong side of the law, flashily-dressed black and brown-skinned gangsters living on their wits.

"Wide" boys, traffic in dope and women is part of their living.

Despite police vigilance, it is still possible to buy any kind of drug (cocaine, heroin opium or marijuana) in Soho to-day. Much of the business is controlled by coloured racketeers.

Equally revolting are the unsavoury black man-white girl partnerships of Harlem's seamy side.

MEN of colour possess an extraordinary fascination for some white girls, and many of the promenaders in Greek Street, Gerrard Street, and Lisle Street keep a negro "sweet" man.

Some of these rogues share the affections and profits of half a dozen girls; the law punishes such offenders severely, yet the evil cannot be stamped out.

Many youngsters, coming to London from the provinces, are soon trapped by the false glitter and glamour of Harlem after dark. In this strange and fascinating world they are easy prey for the unscrupulous.

In one dive, my guide pointed to a young girl sitting with a big, broad-shouldered negro. She was only sixteen when she came to London a year ago, but her pale, pinched features were those of a woman old in years and in sin.

The negro sat with his hat on the back of his head. When he talked he kept his cigarette stuck in the corner of his thick lips.

They were arguing.

The girl was anxious; the man contemptuously indifferent. Suddenly he leaned forward and struck her heavily across the mouth with the back of his right hand.

"Get out you ——," he said. "And be lucky this time."

No one took any notice as the girl picked herself up and walked slowly out.

My guide shook his head as he caught my eye.

"This is a bad place to start trouble," he said.

I could believe it.

Your negro gangster does not fight with his fists. Razors, bottles, broken tumblers and pieces of wood with blades wedged into them are his favourite weapons, and he goes berserk with the savage ferocity of the Glasgow tough.

Even Soho is scared when the coloured boys begin scrapping. They will wreck a place completely in ten minutes.

I ONCE saw a club after a negro gang battle. It looked just as though a bomb had registered a direct hit. Blood and broken glass were everywhere. Twenty hefty policemen had had to charge shoulder to shoulder before they could stop the fight.

Such fights often break out in the many negro gambling dens hidden between Charing Cross Road and Regent Street.

Coloured folk are born gamblers.

Millions have been made out of the "numbers" racket, a daily negro lottery in New York, Detroit, Chicago and other big United States cities. Although the coloured population of London is not large enough to support such a sweepstake, many other forms of gaming are carried on.

Crap shooting is favourite. Few negroes can resist the rattle of the dice, and there are half a dozen or more games running in Soho every night.

There are little back rooms where they shoot for coppers; bigger establishments where as much as £50 is staked on a single roll.

SOME parties move the rendezvous from night to night as a precaution against police raids, and without the right introduction you would never find your way to them.

There were only three other white men at the crap game I visited. The rest were negroes.

About twenty of them stood around the table, cigarettes drooping from the corners of their mouths as they watched.

A dapper, sepia-coloured dandy in a long black wasp-waisted overcoat with a big fur collar was throwing.

He rolled his eyes comically as he shook the dice.

"Read 'em and weep boys," he said in a curiously high-pitched drawl.

The dice rattled and then were still. A murmur of excitement ran around the table.

"Little seven straight down from Heaven," said the thrower. "Guess I'll suah ride that luck, boys."

He rolled them again, and this time they showed a two, a losing shot at crap.

"Old snake-eyes," said the dapper little mulatto disgustedly. "I shoulda stopped before."

When I left he was still in the game. It was almost light as I stepped out into the empty street, but the little room was still crowded.

Singing, laughing, dancing, gambling —London's Harlem never seems to sleep. A strange and fascinating world on the surface, but beneath the glamour what dark and dangerous currents swirl.

The Human Machine

Don't Dodge!

LIFE has become a day-to-day existence. Always something of a problem, the future is now an unknown quantity.

So to-day has assumed, or should have assumed, the importance in our lives that has always been its due. It has always been of tremendous importance, but we have not often recognised it.

We have always been a little too much in the habit of regarding to-day as of less moment than to-morrow.

Now its importance has been thrust under our noses. We can't escape it any longer. Even so, it is still in our power to deal with it.

We can do—or we can dodge.

It has always been possible to divide people into two classes, the doers and the dodgers.

The spirit in which tasks are approached stamps you as a "doer" or a dodger.

If you hate your job, whether it be big or small, you will inevitably be a dodger. You will see difficulties far off. You will waste time trying to dodge them before they have arrived.

If you develop a feeling of personal responsibility for whatever you have to do, you will automatically become a "doer."

You will not foresee difficulties, because it won't occur to you that there can be any. If some arise, you will tackle them with a certainty of solving them.

The certain antidote to a possible desire to dodge is to take an active and positive pleasure in accomplishment.

Anyone can tackle the big, important job. To be faithful in small things is not so easy.

★ Pin-Money Racketeers

★ Penalising Sea Heroes

★ New Pensions Problems

★ A Surprise for Father

★ Stop Cruelty to Cattle

Open Letters

Planning Britain of To-morrow

Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW

DEAR SIR MONTAGUE,—Chains of arms factories are to be stretched across Britain. "Colossal labour needs" will take millions of workers into new industrial centres.

Shall these new townships be ugly scars on the countryside, as bleak and shapeless as the port of Richborough created by the last war?

Shall they be the foundations for healthy and happy towns ringed by parklands, where a wealth of social amenities brings contentment to the workers and their families?

Now is the time to decide.

Already trade unions are in conference, already vast plans are being completed in Government Departments.

So the massive report of the Royal Commission, over which you presided, has been issued at the right moment.

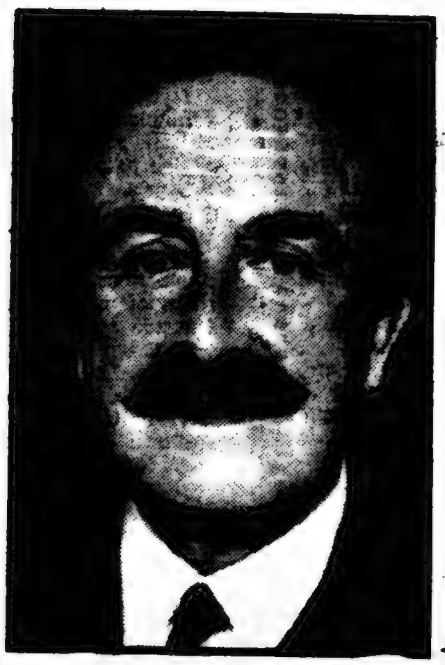
All your members agree that industry can no longer be allowed to grow in haphazard fashion, causing traffic inconvenience, hardships to workers and loss of national efficiency.

You differ whether a National Industrial Board or a new Ministry shall be appointed to create order from chaos.

I favour the minority recommendation for a Ministry with sweeping powers.

It is essential to get action now (whatever form that action takes) to see that fertile soil is not swallowed by new blast furnaces, that the factories shall be set apart from residential areas, and that a start is made on shaping the Better Britain.

Your labours, in short, can be made a national investment.—JOHN BULL.



Sir HORACE J. WILSON,
Head of the Civil Service

DEAR SIR HORACE,—How did many Society women and other "pin-money" ornaments come to secure good jobs in the new Ministries?

Before answering, consider the plight of a woman book-keeper, with long experience and excellent references, who has been getting 15s. a week "dole" for eighteen months. She cannot afford a fire, goes days without food.

Yet her application for Government war work has merely been acknowledged. The Ministry of Labour sympathises but cannot help.

It is your duty to stop official jobs being filled by "back-door" influence.—JOHN BULL.

Lord HAW-HAW,
of Zeesen

YOUR DONKEYSHIP,—Most Germans will believe any lie—for the present, at least. But you defeat your ends by perverting history in your broadcasts to Britain.

You sneer that we tortured 26,000 women and children in a Bloemfontein concentration camp during the Boer War.

Did you not realise that among your listeners would be Boer War veterans who knew that there was not a single concentration camp in all South Africa, and that the total population of Bloemfontein at that time was less than 30,000 whites and natives?

Try a lighter touch in your infamies.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WOODMAN BURBIDGE,
Chairman of Harrods

DEAR SIR WOODMAN,—If youth is to get a fair deal, we must plan now for secondary schoolboys with no chance of full training for a career before having to join the Army.

Yours is certainly the best scheme, a system of three or four years' apprenticeship.

I have no doubt that trade union leaders will be willing to co-operate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer should add his share by granting tax rebate to the apprentices' parents.—JOHN BULL.

Vice-Admiral Sir HAROLD BROWN,
Dir.-Gen., Munitions Production

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Contented workmen produce the best output. Enquire at once, therefore, into the conditions in a great Lancashire ordnance factory known as "the concentration camp."

Railway facilities are so bad that many workers are away from home for eighteen hours a day. Trains are sometimes an hour late.

Arriving at the factory, a man has to leave his food tin outside on the wet grass, undress when he can squeeze into the overcrowded dressing-room, walk in his socks over a wet floor to his working clothes, queue up to clock in.

If he's a minute late, he loses a quarter of an hour's pay. Yet doors are opened only five minutes before the hour to allow for three searches, dressing, and waiting.

Work has been so speeded at the bench that workers fear serious results.

Not the way to win the war, Admiral!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY RYDER,
Blackawton, near Totnes

DEAR SIR,—You must have been surprised to get calling-up papers and an Army pass to Plymouth. The officials there must have been surprised to be confronted by a man of sixty.

I suppose their eyebrows rose still higher when, after searching the files, they chirruped that the papers referred to your son, and you retorted that he had been in the Army for months.

Forgive them their daftness.

Yet you've every right to be cross at having to travel home at your own expense.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—When scattering your paper seeds remember that good farmers sow thinly.

Yet another elderly reader—a woman nearing seventy—has received sixty-eight of your "Dig for Victory" leaflets, with the advice to apply for a ten-rod allotment.

She grows only a few flowers in her cottage garden, and had the date been April 1 she might have thought someone was playing a joke on her.

But she wouldn't have been the fool.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. G. SYLVESTER,
Enfield, Middlesex

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to join in the chorus of praise for the pluck shown by yourself and two colleagues, Mr. L. F. O'Hagen and Mr. S. W. Sewell, during the explosion at the Waltham Abbey gunpowder factory.

To continue with working on large quantities of explosives when roof and walls were ripped away not only prevented a further terrible explosion, but also provided Britain with another fine example of coolness in the face of peril. You all deserve your decorations.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Robert GOWER, M.P.,
Secretary, R.S.P.C.A.

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Scandalous that animals' ears are pierced with three large holes by pincers at the behest of the Ministry of Food!

Revolting that they should be made to squeal with pain, and markets spattered with blood, in a country that is waging war against brutality abroad.

I am glad you are urging the matter to Parliament's attention. You might suggest that pigs and cattle could be marked as easily by a dab of red ochre on their backs.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—So Mr. Stiggins is still on your staff.

His latest cheeseparing, which makes me hot with shame, is at the expense of unemployed West Coast fishermen who manned the lifeboat in terrible weather and spent a night trying to save torpedoed sailors.

Reward for their heroism is loss of a day's unemployment pay because they will receive a small sum from the Lifeboat Institution.

The decision is according to regulations, but when you have considered the case perhaps you'll allow these brave men the day's benefit they so richly deserve.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL,
Doncaster

GENTLEMEN,—Are the townsfolk proud of you?

One of your staff, who has worked a seven-day week for eighteen months, broke a shift to meet his son coming home on naval leave.

His mate completed the shift, but he has been sacked, replaced by inmate labour, and his union ignored.

Harsh, haughty and high-handed!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. G. WARD,
New Kent Road, London

DEAR SIR,—Too bad that you can't get a penny of the money due to you after having eight firemen billeted on you for a month, using your gas, light and telephone.

Yet you'll be summoned if you don't pay £1 within seven days for a small chimney fire you had recently.

Maybe official cashiers have been reading about the necessity for "public sacrifices."—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Ilford

SIR,—There must be unpleasant reasons for forbidding men and women A.R.P. workers to associate or even to talk to each other while on duty.

I am informed of wholesale disappearances of stores, dismissal of a man for not starting-up his car engine three times a night, then his reinstatement because the car had been taken from his charge a week earlier, and so on.

Get your Chief Officer to investigate!—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Easy for you to maintain that Great War pensions were fixed at rates to suit the dear-living days of 1919, so need not be increased now.

Not so easy to forget that many disabled ex-Servicemen are now in want, and that additional allowances are being made to the unemployed and some old age pensioners.

Damnably difficult to see why the victims of the last war should be hard hit by this!—JOHN BULL.

PRICES CONTROLLER,
Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—Can it be mere coincidence that the price of Seville oranges has shot up to 6d. a pound following the announcement of extra sugar rations for marmalade-making?

Jaffa oranges have to be brought twice the distance, yet sell at half the price.

Perhaps you will explain.—JOHN BULL.

Music of Mankind

HARDSHIP and war go together. They are twin miseries which man, perversely enough, delights in inflicting on his fellow man.

You have your grievance. You think the black-out restrictions are too severe; that the butter ration is not enough; that there should be more protection afforded the motorist or the pedestrian (it depends on your mode of travel) against the stupidity of pedestrians or motorists.

Lack of coal in the big freeze-up may have been a real hardship. Few things are so hard to bear as cold.

There are other hardships—the silent ones, the burdens of loneliness, the vacant chair, the absent children, the man of the house away fighting.

Not so easy to endure, these, because they take immeasurable toll of the spiritual resistance, and few of us have the strength or calm to accept the strain, thrown, willy-nilly, upon us.

No one can help the sufferer to be more brave in the face of adversity. Nothing except a belief in the guiding hand of a Divine providence can assuage the anxious, sleepless hours, the unknown, terrible fears that war brings to those who wait at home.

Argue It Out!

by PALLAS

One may endure hardships gladly, because in some hardships there is the beauty of endeavour, the conscious knowledge that life will bring its own reward.

Even when hardships are only a memory, like some bad nightmare swallowed by the womb of time, they can still retain their power to remind us of the frailty that is in us all.

Toscanini, famous conductor, is an instance of this. When he was a poor boy, there was in his heart, a passion, fierce and insatiable, for the music of Beethoven.

The boy had to eat. Even the winged beauty of sound that Beethoven sent echoing round the world could not satisfy his natural hunger.

But the boy Toscanini spent little on food.

Bread and soup sufficed. What money he had left was spent on music.

To-day he is among the greatest conductors of all time. He could eat caviare, rival Lucullus in the pleasures of the table. He still likes bread and soup.

Toscanini was asked recently if he thought he was suffering hardships when he had bread and soup as a boy.

"Why, no," he replied. "I suffered no hardship. When you are doing what you want to do you do not suffer."

I TELL this story, not because of its moral value, for there is no moral attached to it, but because it may help you to realise that man—and woman—has a great destiny.

That destiny, either in peace or war, is linked to the greatness of ourselves. It may be cramped by our limitations, by our fears, by our pettiness, and by our stunted mentality, but, more often, it shows itself triumphant over hardship.

To suffer, say the philosophers, is to die a little. But against that the history of man records that to suffer is to be tempered into finer stuff.

This war, with its hardships, its suffering, its evil, its courage, its hunger, its beauty—yes, for there is beauty in a people united against the Beast—will prove the temper of our minds.

The hardships, unlike those of Toscanini, are not of our choosing.

They have been forced on us by a brutal, domineering clique that will stop at nothing to achieve world supremacy.

Yet, in a way, we, as a race, are also like the boy who preferred music to food.

The music is transformed into a vaster, more majestic chord than ever came from the genius of Beethoven, and the food in the fleshpots of an uncaring race.

The music we prefer is the music of the spheres, the music of freedom, of a world unoppressed by tyrants, of life unfettered by cruelty and persecution.

That is the music that we have listened to in the past, the music that has stirred us and our fathers before us to great endeavour.

God willing, that music shall ring again round the world.

Inside Britain—by a Neutral

Dr. P. J. J. BONNEL, well-known Belgian journalist, concludes his series of articles on war time Britain as it looks to a trained neutral observer.

"In my country the public has to buy its gas mask"

You Fight in Kid Gloves

DO you know who received the first civilian gas masks ever issued in this country?

I found out the other day: The staff of the German Embassy!

International etiquette demanded that the first gas masks should be sent to the various Embassies in London. But only British etiquette decided that of all the foreign coteries the Germans—representatives of the Power whose threat of war made such precautions necessary—should be first among the first.

It would be hard, I think, to find a better example of the "kid glove" war methods which Britain seems to be adopting nowadays and which never cease to baffle most neutrals.

In the last few fateful hours before war was declared, your vigilant police rounded-up a number of dangerous Germans, some of whom, no doubt, were Gestapo agents.

Each one before he was "shown the door," was given a gas mask so that his journey home should be safe from the gas bombs of his own countrymen.

All those enemies of yours must to-day be proudly showing their British gas masks to their friends—and laughing about them as heartily as they do about a Higher Command which will send its aeroplanes all the way to Vienna and back without dropping anything more dangerous than slips of paper.

But I wonder. Perhaps what so many foreigners regard as crass stupidity will prove to be transcending wisdom. . . .

* * *

Yes, you have given me an official mask.

In my own country I would have to buy one. There are three models, ranging in price from 80 to 1,000 francs.

I believe there is a similar system in most other countries.

Here there is one civilian model, free to everybody.

That fact is not very important—except for one thing.

It shows that deep down beneath a lot of old-school-tie nonsense and the still prevalent idea that leadership should be the perquisite of a privileged section, you put one standard value on human life.

In spite of that, however, you have in some respects a ridiculous sense of values.

I meet a lot of Army n.c.o.'s who, with their many years of service, would obviously make excellent officers.

In any other army their experience, common-sense and—what is more—their ability to hold the respect of newcomers to the Service would earn them commissioned rank.

They must stay in the ranks because somebody reports that they are "not officer type"—in other words, because they lack a certain gloss.

I recall that Napoleon and some of the greatest Continental generals of all time lacked that certain gloss. . . .

I know you intend in future to choose your officers from the ranks—but the danger, it seems to me, is that the gloss will still be regarded as all-important.

* * *

Another instance of what seems to a neutral to be your odd sense of values—I heard two well-to-do Londoners laughing at the news that a man they knew had been stealing quantities of Government oil.

"A real old scrounger," one of them said, almost admiringly. "He always was."

Surely a man who steals important Government stores at a time like this is helping to imperil his country?

He is a saboteur. In Russia they would shoot him. In Germany they would behead him.

It is extreme treatment—but to treat him as if he is somewhat amusing is a more absurd extreme.

* * *

A young English girl who is a friend of my wife has to cross Plumstead Common every night.

Now Plumstead Common has a history of attacks on young girls—and this child is terrified. She has been haunted by fear throughout every day for a fortnight. The reason—she has no torch battery.

There must be millions of women who have tasted that black-out fear.

Wisely, your Government is spending thousands of pounds teaching you to walk safely in the black-out.

I think it might spend a little to ensure that everybody can buy, at a price they can afford, a battery that will help them to walk safely through the darkness.

You are making a big fight against profiteering in some directions—yet you seem to be permitting the most wicked profiteering as far as these batteries are concerned.

Take the Belgian batteries my country is sending you. A friend of mine who is in the Belgian battery-making business, and visited London last week, told me all about them.

His make of No. 8, which is the most popular size of all, is delivered to the small trader at 5s. 6d. a dozen, which, I understand, is a fair price.

Some of the traders he sells to retail them at 7d. each, some at 9d., a few at 1s., and one, to his certain knowledge, at more than 1s.

He knows for a fact that to get this higher price certain people in England have been sending British-made batteries to Belgium, getting Belgian labels put on them, and then importing them—which enables them to ask a higher price than the Government permits them to charge for a British-made battery.

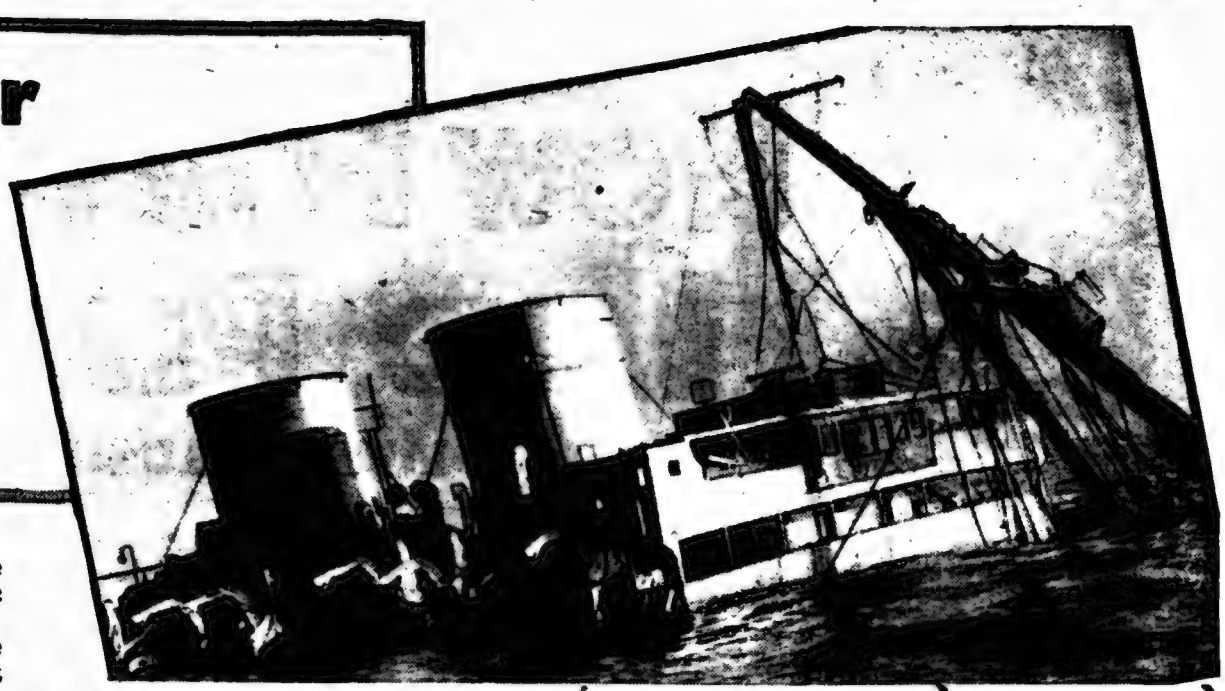
I am ashamed of the part a few of my own countrymen have played in this operation. If you are ashamed of the bigger part played by some of your own countrymen, why don't you do something about it?

A big man in your own electrical industry told me: "I know there have been many deaths from the battery shortage, and I know how terrified many hundreds of thousands of women are because they can't get about safely at night—but would you lay down expensive battery-making plant when the shortage of batteries might be overcome before the machines have paid for themselves?"

It may be a perfect answer for a manufacturer, but not for a Government. . . .

A. G. Gardiner

Says: "When things go wrong with despotism, there is only one remedy. that is rebellion. And that is the truth now haunting the Fuehrer."



"No need to ask why all the infamies of Germany are being brought to bear in the North Sea . . ."

FACTS that haunt HITLER

IN these critical times the task of those whose business it is to influence public opinion is difficult.

On the one side, nothing must be said that will dispirit the nation or inspirit the enemy.

On the other, nothing must be left unsaid the saying of which is necessary for victory.

It is a difficulty that is incident to democracy. It does not exist in Germany.

In that hermetically sealed Land of Lies the people do not count. They are dumb driven cattle, obedient to the lash of the tyrant.

This is a handicap now, but in the end the people who know the truth and face it manfully will be found to have a staying power and an elasticity that the slave nation cannot command.

When things go wrong with a democracy it adjusts its machinery.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG WITH A DESPOTISM THERE IS ONLY ONE REMEDY—REBELLION. THAT IS THE TRUTH THAT HAUNTS HITLER.

It is not, therefore, because we doubt the issue that we can afford to face the facts, pleasant or unpleasant.

It is because we do not doubt it since we have our fate in our own hands.

Goebbels is saturating Germany with the certainty of victory this summer.

Let us have no such false optimism. There is nothing to justify it.

ON the face of it we have more ground for entertaining it than the enemy.

We have command of the sea, vastly more financial strength, greater economic resources, a better cause, a more united people, and the moral sympathy of the civilised world.

But do not let us shut our eyes to the other side of the account.

GERMANY IS SEETHING WITH DISCONTENT. BUT WHILE HITLER'S IRON HEEL IS ON HER NECK IT WILL COUNT FOR LITTLE.

WHEN HIS PRESTIGE IS BROKEN IT WILL BE DECISIVE.

Do not forget that the public mind of Germany, cut off from all contact with the facts, is poisoned by Goebbels' vast propaganda machine with the belief that Britain has willed this war and dragged France into it, and that it is the destruction of Germany which is our devilish purpose.

Nor must we expect our blockade to finish off the business quickly.

Germany had the resources of Russia against her in the last war, and was fighting on two fronts.

Now Russia is for all practical purposes her ally, and Russia's resources are at her call.

Italy is not her ally, but neither is she her enemy, as she was in the last war.

And from all sides imports are seeping into Germany as a set-off against our blockade.

No, it is not going to be a swift business to starve Germany out.

There is another fact to be reckoned with. We had all the American mercantile marine at our back last time. Now it is all withdrawn.

The greatest democracy in the world has decided that Britain and France must fight democracy's battle alone, and sink or swim as they can.

American ships must not visit our shores. No need to stress the strain this puts upon our own mercantile marine.

NO need to ask why all the infamies of Germany are being brought to bear in the North Sea to compel the lesser neutrals to follow the American lead.

Consider another matter. Finance.

In the last war Britain and France had the illimitable money resources of the United States to draw on.

Now that country, which in the interval has accumulated two-thirds of the gold reserves of the world in its cellars, has shut down on all borrowings.

What we can pay for with cash and carry away in our own ships we can have, as Hitler can have on the same terms. Nothing more.

This means that Britain and France have to finance this war to the bitter end out of their own resources.

Our gross income as a nation—everything that everybody receives—is some £5,700 millions a year.

The war is costing us at least £2,000 millions a year, and the total exactions of the State are not far short of £3,000 millions—half our total income.

This burden can only be borne in two ways, by such sacrifices in our standard of living as we have never experienced before, and by straining every nerve to increase our export trade.

BEHIND THE WAR OF ARMS IS THE VAST WAR OF ECONOMIC SURVIVAL. THAT WAR MUST BE WON IF THE WAR OF ARMS IS NOT TO BE LOST.

If we are to bring this war to an early and a successful issue, much more fundamental things must be done, and done soon.

There has never been an occasion in history when this nation has been of one heart and mind and purpose so completely as it is to-day.

And well it may be so, for the fate of every one of us is in the balance.

WHY in these circumstances do we not act as one, drop our frivolous party discriminations, and present to the dragooned slave herds of Germany a democratic front as solid as theirs?

WE NEED A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT COMPOSED OF ALL THE BEST MINDS IN THE NATION IRRESPECTIVE OF EVERYTHING BUT THEIR CAPACITY TO HELP TO WIN THE WAR.

Why are powerful men of action like Ernest Bevin and Walter Citrine, brilliant thinkers and administrators like R. H. Brand, J. M. Keynes, William Beveridge, Stephen King-Hall, Harold Nicolson, left outside to write letters to the newspapers, while the departments they should inspire flounder from one grievous mess to another?

Above all, we need a real War Cabinet of four or five of our ablest statesmen.

And they should be free from departmental work, to direct this vast business in all its ramifications, co-ordinate the activities of the great war machine, decide on the large strategy of the present, and think out the peace policy of the future, on the lines of the remarkable speech which Mr. Bevin made a few days ago at Bristol.

Such a policy put into action now would do more to brace the neutrals and to counter the lying propaganda of Goebbels than all the futilities of the Ministry of Information.

In all this I am not seeking to discredit Mr. Chamberlain.

Since he saw the red light he has been admirable.

He is tenacious, resolute, disinterested, and in the highest sense patriotic and democratic.

If he could cure his weakness for second-rate minds and mobilise the best brains of the country about him, there is no one I would substitute for him.

"MIGHTY UNDERTAKING."

THERE'S a grand and simple dignity in Labour,
it is Toil Triumphant rich with Just Reward.
And it's labouring that is going to lift us
upward towards the Peace of Man in World Accord.
Labour in fields of vast unwearied Action, whose scope
is limitless because its Might is the strength and
willingness of Men and Women to do the thing the
whole World knows is Right.

AND so in one vast rhythm every craftsman and
every manufacture will bring forth the Song
of Victory which will be written across the World
from East, West, South and North. For there has
been a Force set in full motion, which will not slow
down till its work is done, though it must draw on all
and every section in its stern toil for food, and ship,
and gun.

AND we who have this Mighty Undertaking within
our charge will see it safely through. We'll
train, and ply, and wield, all our resources and our
Great Commonwealth of Toil imbue; with that grand
spirit of Determination to Shape our Course into its
Full Event, so we may under God's Plain Shining
Guidance become for Peace His Living Instrument.

AND so we'll work, each humdrum task uplifted,
beyond its irksome region to its Cause, which
takes upon its Shape a Golden Splendour, a Crusade
in which none of us will Pause, until we have Dark
Tyranny abolished, and with it all the Shackles of
Despair, and until then we'll Labour without Ceasing,
thankful to God that we can do our share.

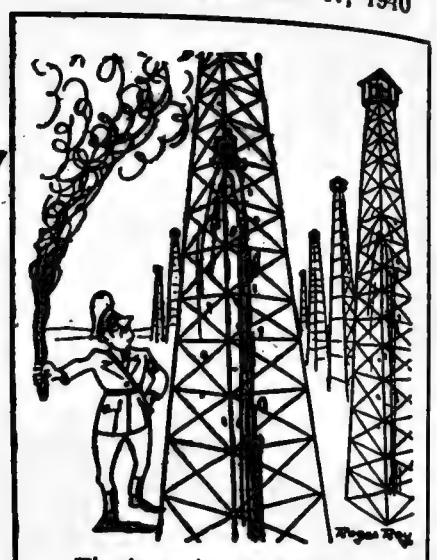
J. M.

ON THE FINNISH FRONT.
"How do you do? I am always pleased to meet a fellow-ghost."
"I'm not a ghost—just a parachutist."—*Le Canard Enchaine, Paris.*

Grin and Bear it!

NOW FOR MY LAND PLAN

By OLIVER PLUSH



The Incendiary: "Now, how can I set fire to Rumania without setting fire to her petrol?"
—*Gringoire, Paris.*

Thought for the Week:

What the world wants to-day is a bunch of chaps who can design a really lovely memorial to Hitler and use it.

On the Level!

An *Evening News* chap dips his pen in ink and does this: "Flying only 15 to 20 ft. above the fields, a French Air Force officer suddenly found himself over a German aerodrome. He came down to 15 or 20 ft. off the ground. . . ."

Oh, come! come! *Evening News* chap, there must have been some difference. Don't you mean he came down to 15 to 20 inches?

Or maybe he was flying a plough?

My Encyclopaedia

VICTORY (DIGGING FOR).—At present, you buy one cabbage a day. This is silly and will lose the war. Cabbages being threepence a time.

A better plan is to rent a piece of land and DIG. When your greengrocer sees you doing this, he begins to get the wind up. He will let you have a cabbage for twopence three farthings. But keep on.

Buy some seeds and plant them. Your greengrocer will now get the wind up more than ever and bring the price down to twopence ha'penny.

When your cabbages are two inches high he will reach twopence farthing

And he'll be down to twopence by early August.

About this time the slugs will get your cabbages and the price will jump to threepence again. But think what you've saved in the meantime.

There's the cost of renting the land, I know. But all the exercise has been terribly good for you.

A much better plan, even than the above, is to have a bit of land ready before every war, and rent it out to some gent so that *he* can Dig for Victory.

This leaves you with nothing to do, which is very restful.

Also, you can afford two cabbages a day. Even at threepence.

Those Doubles

A story that Hitler was to visit Moscow has been officially denied.

Instead, they will go to Poland, Prague, the Western Front and Vienna.

Secrets Out

I've discovered why the Daladier interned those German midgets who were taken from a liner by French cruiser.

The Nazis had been planning to distribute the dwarfs among Berlin restaurants to make the portions look bigger.

Excuse, Please

Talking about midgets——

Would you mind very much if, having read about the invention of new and tiny revolvers no bigger than match-boxes, I said that it looks as if the gat has had gittens?

Brighter Black-outs

HOW TO MAKE HUNDREDS-AND-THOUSANDS: You'd be surprised what waste there is in over-heads. Even your weekly ha'porth of hundreds-and-thousands. Do you think you get a ha'porth for your ha'penny? My poor fish!

Tell you what. Clear the kitchen table and spread a large sheet of clean paper. Put a large pan on the kitchen table to boil.

Pardon? To boil the water in the pan, of course. Didn't I mention that? Oh, yes; fill the pan with water.

Spread the ingredients out on the table and cut up very small, some to the size of hundreds, some to the size of thousands. Mix.

As soon as the water is boiling, make one. Then make another.

As soon as you've got the hang of it, make about a quarter of a million. You will then have sufficient hundreds-and-thousands to last till Whitsuntide.

At this rate of progress you will have the middleman out of business by July, which will bring down the cost of living, bump!

I think that's about all.

No, darling, you must release the safety catch before firing at Uncle.

Lunch-time Music

Sing this to the tune of "One Man and His Dog." Go on, be a life-and-soul:—

Herman and his dogs
Got to know the Red-o's.
German,
Herman,
Dude man,
Rude man,
Bad man,
Mad man,
Fat man,
Rat man,
Boring,
Goring and his dogs
Got to know the Red-o's.

VOLUME 2.

The action of a nasty squirt,
And so the Red-o's done 'em dirt.

You can put my lute back in the corner now, Emma.

Answer to Correspondent

"They've sent me a pamphlet about National Savings. I can't live on my income as it is, but have to touch pa-in-law for a couple of quid a week. I'd like to do my bit, but you see how it is. What shall I do?"—"Fogged" (Faversham).

Send on the pamphlet to pa-in-law.

Prophetic Poem

Five Nazi leaders, no *esprit de corps,*
Ley was liquidated—then there were four.
Four Nazi leaders, windy as could be,
Goebbels bored himself to death—then there were three.
Three Nazi leaders extremely angry grew,
Goering simply burst with rage—then there were two.
Two Nazi leaders, wondering where to run,
Rib. would stick to Stalin—then there was one.
One Nazi Leader, the Super-Super Hun,
Gorged himself with cream cakes—then there were none.

OLD BILL

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, I didn't like to take him off this job, sir, for he seems to 'ave his 'eart in it."

WAR GRAFT—the Truth!

● To prevent rogues continuing their get-rich-on-the-war schemes, JOHN BULL demands a rigid investigation of the war contracts system

"WE CAN HAVE NO FORTUNES MADE OUT OF THIS WAR, BUT AT THIS MOMENT PLUNDER IS GOING ON ON A LARGE SCALE," SAID MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ELEVEN DAYS AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WAR.

THAT plunder is still going on.

There may be something to be said for the complacent statements of the Government that the present system of official tendering and accountancy stops the "big fish" from getting away with as much as they did in the last war.

Yet hordes of little fish, grafters and wanglers of all kinds, still get through to feed on fat profits. All told, the loss to the nation's treasury is just as much as though some of the big armament firms were allowed free play on their contract profits.

Every week since the war started JOHN BULL's postbag has contained scores of examples of the extent to which the "get-rich-quick" brigade are harvesting the golden fields of war contracts.

Some instances seem at first glance apparently trivial examples of petty racketeering.

There are the two friends in a certain Midland town. We will call them "A" and "B."

Before the war, "A" was nothing by trade and picked up a sparse living on small trading commissions.

"B" had a ramshackle carrier's business, owning a couple of decrepit vehicles that he was without means to replace.

COMES the war.

"A" blossoms out with an official job in charge of Government transport requirements in the district. With the nucleus of his two ancient lorries, which he hires into Government service, "B" forms a limited company with the assistance of a third man. They buy more than a score of second-hand vehicles to hire out at once to the Services.

Other established local haulage contractors do not get a "look-in."

A JOHN BULL's investigator reports that this new company has now about thirty vehicles out on hire to the Services at rates ranging from £1 to £6 a day. The Government supplies drivers and petrol.

All the company has to do is to sit back and take the money.

There is graft behind this story. And there is shocking muddle and waste, too, in a system whereby the Government pays out as much taxpayers' money for the hire of ancient transport as would be needed to buy the lot.

This instance can be multiplied scores of times in other parts of the country. For the Service hire business is becoming a highly profitable racket, costing the country thousands of pounds a week.

An example of the waste and petty wangling of all kinds that are only to be expected in war time is the instance of a laundry proprietor in a North Country town, who has a big contract for Army boot repairs.

Risking his life to safeguard democracy, this man must not be cheated by stay-at-home financial sharks

He receives 5s. 6d. a pair for this work, and sublets it all out to small repairers at 4s. a pair.

The small man buys the cheapest possible leather to give himself any sort of profit at this price.

So our laundry proprietor gets 1s. 6d. profit a pair for doing nothing.

The soldier gets a shoddy pair of boots.

The public always pays in the end!

Yet the real big grafters are to be found only when you examine contract deals with such Departments as the Ministries of Food, Supply, Home Security, and some of the Service departments.

The desperation of small manufacturers, whose works are closing down through shortage of raw materials, and lack of finance, and are beseeching the Government to give them jobs to keep them going, is proving a golden opportunity for all kinds of rogues.

These scoundrels first interview a Ministry official, introducing themselves on the pretext that they can supply certain commodities.

They then start a correspondence with the Ministry, and around these letters they tell the small manufacturers that they have facilities for getting contracts. They ask for money in advance of commission.

A BRIEF outline of an instance that JOHN BULL is still investigating shows that a "financier" of alien origin who has been associated with many shady ventures, and was jailed some years ago for conspiracy, has been raising money on the grounds that he can procure contracts for supplying textiles to the Government.

He should be an expert on this business. For a year or two he was behind a large woollen trade ramp, run by one of his limited companies, which failed eventually for many thousands of pounds.

Another man, named in a Scotland Yard report to the War Office, has also been to prison. He has been offering contracts for transport construction.

He has been baiting his trap with a long sustained and highly amicable correspondence with a War Office buyer.

Scotland Yard has also reported another operation of a convicted accountant who has been acting as intermediary in the placing of contracts.

He came to the notice of the police because, during his most recent negotiations, he was sowing "dud" cheques about the West End.

Among the other "War Contractors" in our dossiers in an alien, working from a West End hotel, and claiming considerable influence with a well-known company that makes aircraft parts.

He says he obtained a contract through a Service Department, and he is now getting people to put up money for a syndicate that is to form a company for the manufacture of airscrews.

His story is that when the company is formed the syndicate will sell it a concession that he has had from the well-known manufacturer.

There is a shady professional man, an associate of many crooks exposed in JOHN BULL, who has now blossomed out as a contract negotiator.

He has impressed his dupes by bringing them directly to a Service Department official. And there have been meetings outside the Department, in a respectable and exclusive political club in the West End. He has the entrée to this club through a friend, who is usually present at these meetings.

Among the prime causes is the Government's practice of awarding nearly all contracts to relatively few firms. These companies cannot possibly undertake all the work they accept, and they sub-contract, with the full knowledge and often the assistance of Department officials.

HOVERING on the fringe of the business are hordes of "negotiators" and "agents."

Many are honest enough, and serve a useful purpose, but almost as many have a doubtful background, and are out for plunder either from work-hungry firms or from the Government.

For several months now—certainly since last November—senior officers from Scotland Yard have been probing the antecedents of numerous persons of dubious character claiming to have obtained large Government contracts.

The Ministry of Supply itself issued a warning not long ago about "certain persons" holding themselves out as having facilities for obtaining contracts, and offering their services as intermediaries on a commission or subscription basis.

"John Bull" demands that a rigid investigation should be made into the record of all individuals and syndicates handling intermediary business in the placing of war contracts.

It is not enough that Scotland Yard is already disclosing the activities of some of these people, doing it "off its own bat" so to speak. Information has reached it from outside sources, and it has simply followed it as a matter of routine.

There must be a strict Departmental rule that all names of "financial agents" soliciting war business are submitted to the Yard for a "check-up."

No honest firm or individuals need fear this.

Yet it would be an effective deterrent to the crooks, the soundest protection to Departmental officials concerned, and to the public, who are the main losers in the end.

Five Guineas for You! - - - - - See page 28

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

Still Shoulder to Shoulder!

FARES, please! . . . You, there. I ain't got all night! . . . Why, blow me down if it ain't Frenchy! . . . Awright, aw*right*, Peeaire, ole pal: I'd kiss you on both cheeks and think nothing of it, but I'm on duty nah, see? An' we 'as to watch our step.

I *am* glad to see yer, though. Don't seem more'n twenty years since we wos knocking back the ole *vin blong* in that little estaminet, do it, Peeaire?

How's little Marie-Louise? Married and got two kids! Crikey! She couldn't scarcely stand on 'er two feet when she use ter call me "Oncle Beel!" And I can't hardly imagine you as a gran'dad, Frenchy. . . .

Yes, you're right there. We don't grow no younger, and I might be a gran'dad meself before long. My boy, him in the Air Force nah, got married last year and he ain't no 'ang-fire, I can tell you!

So you're back in the Army again, Peeaire? Sergeant and all, too! Clicked for an office job, 'ave you? Bet they wished that one on you, you old fire-eater!

Tell me, wot d'you think abaht this war?

What's that you say: "*Il faut ong fineer!*" . . . Yes, I know what that means all right. It means we've got to make a job of it this time. We've got to polish off the Bosches good and proper! .

"We've got one war aim—Victory!"

He Stuck It

Your old Dad used ter say that larst time, Peeaire. He wos a great character. In 'seventeen—that was after your regiment had pushed orf from there—his little bit of a farm was fair plastered with shells, but the old gentleman just went on working his land same as usual. . . .

You don't mean to tell me he's *still* going strong? Well, that's grand! He must be getting on for a 'undred, I should think. Only ninety, sez you! . . . That's nothing at all for a young feller like your Dad! Why, heaven help us, he must have been fighting the Germans in eighteen seventy!

That takes the quarrel with Jerry a long way back, don't it? No wonder you and him and every other Frenchman mean to win this war with no mistake abaht it. .

"You didn't want the larst war, and you didn't want this one" . . . *Compris dat.* . . . And you ain't out for revenge; only to make France safe for good an' all . . . Oh, *Zhe comprong* that bit, too . . But how do you say it? *Voos en avez assez*—you've had enough. You've had a bellyful and you don't want no more.

Our Real Aim

Listen, old pal. I'm with you on that a hundred per cent. I always reckoned you and all the other *pwoilyous* wos entitled to say your bit. . . . I never could see how our war aims could hope to be different from yours. . . . I never kidded myself we could fix any peace wot hadn't your approval. . .

But you mustn't take no account of all the guff that has been said by politicians and all the fancy nonsense printed in some of the noospapers. Our *real* idear is just the same as yours, and the new War Minister—Oliver Stanley—has put it into plain words what even Monsieur Daladier couldn't quarrel with

We've got one war aim, he says, "Victory!" And one peace aim, he says, "A larsting peace!"

That should be good enough for me and good enough for you, too, Peeaire. . We've got to beat them bloomin' Nazis, what are just the same old "Boshes" what you and your gran'dad have been fighting this 'undred years parst.

We don't hate them, but, by Golly, we aren't letting any of that rotten gang come it over us again We ain't going to chuck old Adolf out to let some new bloomin' 'Itler in! . . . This war has got to be fought out. Short or long, it don't matter. If we 'ave to play extra time, awright. We can stick it; but we've got to *win*.

An' I tell you wot it is, Peeaire. **We may not have any quarrel with the German *people*, but 'Oly Cripes! we're not having any more to do with *any* of them until they chuck 'Itler and his gang overboard or until they puts up their hands and shahts "Kamerad!"**

Look Us Up!

You've got to get off here, 'ave you? . . Only wish I could get off, too, an' ave a quick one with you, but I've got to stick to the old 'bus one more trip. . . . Mind you, though, my missus and me will be expecting you round to have a bit of grub with us tomorrow. .

And if you like to kiss her on bof cheeks, Peeaire, well go to it, but watch out, 'cos she's mighty quick with 'er back 'and. . . .

There is nothing wrong in the habit of smoking—but it may be spoiling your freedom

You Can Achieve "Happy Freedom"

By the Rev. Pat McCORMICK,
Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

THE Bible Reading Fellowship has recently published a magnificent description of what the Christian Life should be. I pass it on to you this week because we are in Lent, which is supposed to be a somewhat dismal season.

It is this—a life of happy freedom.

Now that is a fine description of what a Christian should show, yet how far most of us fall short.

Christianity is not made as attractive as it should be just because we don't show that it is a life of happy freedom.

One of the reasons why it attracted people in the early days when St. Paul was going from town to town was that Christians were so full of joy.

Even slaves showed they were able to live a life of happy freedom.

Paul and Silas sang hymns in the prison.

People noticed these things.

They asked what this new thing was, and they began to enquire into it. They found that it was true that happiness doesn't always depend on your circumstances.

EVEN the poorest Christians were full of joy.

This probably did more than anything else to spread Christianity.

The three primary marks of a Christian, according to St. Paul, are Love, Joy and Peace.

Joy comes after Love, because if you have learned what the Love of God is you can't help having joy in your heart, and then an inward peace that no circumstances can spoil.

Remember the hymn beginning "O Love that will not let me go." That is the kind of love that is bound to bring joy, not only to the weary soul, but also to the full-blooded Christian in his daily round.

It reminds us of our real worth in God's eyes.

A man says, "I am worth something to God. I'll try to do something to show my worth by trying to please Him."

This happy freedom doesn't mean that a Christian need not face difficulties, or that he needn't exercise self-discipline.

He will do them willingly.

HE knows the Christian life is a fight against his lower self. He must keep tight hold of the reins to enable him to be free. We think of this especially in Lent, not to make us miserable, but to make us free and happy.

A man says he will give up smoking in Lent.

If he treats it as something horrid, which he knows he will hate, he will go about like a bear with a sore head, and be a positive nuisance to everyone.

Instead he does it because he knows smoking has become such a habit with him that he is becoming a slave to it. There is nothing wrong in the habit, but it is spoiling his freedom.

He refuses to be a slave.

No doubt he finds it hard, especially at first, but if he really does it in the right mood, he won't grouse or parade himself as a paragon of virtue.

He will find the self-discipline is good in the end. It breaks an enslaving habit.

I'm not suggesting you should do it, but this is a good illustration about the necessity of self-discipline.

The main thing is to know God as love in such a way that we can have joy always in our hearts whatever our circumstances.

TIME and again I've seen it in sick rooms, in people who are bedridden, or whose lot in life is frightfully hard.

It's a most encouraging sight. If you ask them why, they will say quite simply, **"Because I know God loves me; He enables me to be happy."**

If that is true with great physical hardship, it ought to be more so with us who have health and strength.

For God's sake we must show we are living lives of happy freedom.

"The Greatest of These"

Mrs. "X."

SEVERE operations and almost unbearable suffering during the last four years have left Mrs. "X," of Redhill, Surrey, a nervous and physical wreck. Long illness and unavoidable moving expenses have created many debts, yet she is left alone to try to live on the allowance of her naval reservist husband.

She is far too ill to look after herself, but she cannot afford any assistance.

Those readers who can picture her terrible plight must surely be prompted to help her by sending a donation, earmarked "Alone," to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to assisting needy cases.

If Britain's war effort is to be 100 per cent. efficient the idle hands of the 1 219 000 unemployed must be put to work

The Great Home Front Riddle

NEARLY six months at war—the most vital war in our history—yet there are a million and a quarter unemployed.

You don't have to be a statistician to feel troubled about this figure any more than you have to be a boxer to realise the handicap of having one hand tied behind your back.

Yes, that's it.

We are fighting with one hand tied behind us!

On your right is the Nazi challenger. He is challenging your freedom, perhaps your very existence. He is free to use 100 per cent. of his strength.

On your left is the British defender. One hand—it might well be the hand that carries his knock-out punch—is pinioned.

Germans are using all their man-power and other people's as well by terrorist methods that we wouldn't want to emulate even if we could.

Those enslaving tactics are another reason why we shouldn't waste one tittle of effort.

Meanwhile, we are allowing a vast proportion of our man-power to run to seed every day. Latest unemployment returns, which do not tell the story of professional men driven on to the labour market, prove it conclusively.

You may ask whether such a thing is bound to happen in the early days of a war.

Well, after six months of the last our wastage figure was 1 per cent.—one-eleventh of Britain's present leakage.

And to-day, instead of being eleven times worse, the situation should be ten times better.

Militia service has cleared the labour market of hundreds of thousands of young people. They are taken, now, as fast as the Army wants them, jobs or no jobs.

Civilian defence organisations account for hundreds of thousands more.

Yet our unemployment figure is nearly a half of what it was during the worst stage of the most disastrous world-depression in history.

Nazis get that 100 per cent. effort with utter ruthlessness. You can choose between doing what you are told or the bullet-spattered wall in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia.

JOBLESS people are driven to the first task to hand in Germany and Austria without consideration for aptitude, and with complete disregard of regulations, wages or hours.

These workers often break down, but they still have to go on doing their quota.

Just the sort of treatment we should expect from Hitler if he won the complete victory for which he hopes. It could never happen if the British Government made full use of its wonderful human material.

How to use that material?

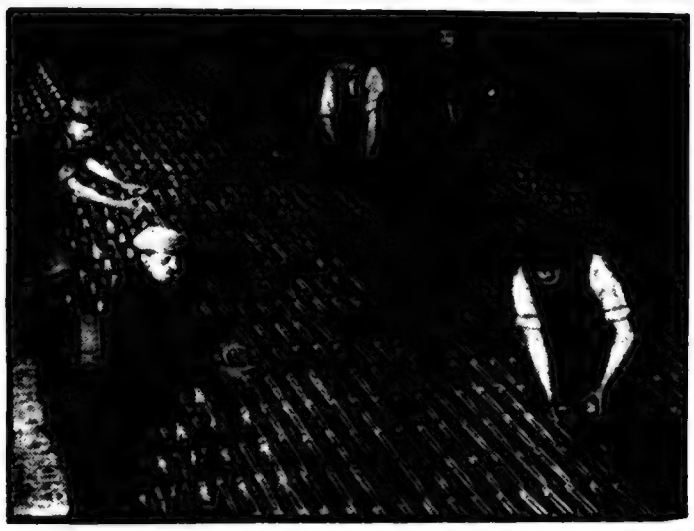
If only every other problem of this war were as easy! It is only because the Government looks so unnecessarily bewildered about it that it appears difficult.

There is no need to use men in Britain in jobs for which they are not fitted.

We are actually short of men who haven't got a job to do. Men who have become nothing more in this world than unemployment statistics.

That shortage, properly explored, might well absorb every fit man on our unemployment registers—and still leave a shortage of labour.

Even while Mr. Churchill was telling us we must plough the manor as well as the main, and listeners felt a strange determination rising within them, 50,000 agricultural workers—skilled men—were out of work.



Shells—and more shells—but they will be needed. The only way Britain can win the war is by putting every idle hand to the task

Yet Whitehall appealed for a Women's Land Army. And 15,000 more farm-workers were called up for military service!

"Ah, but the unemployment is partly seasonal!" says Authority.

But there's no excuse, to-day, even for seasonal unemployment.

A million acres have gone out of cultivation since the last war, and there's always work to be done on a million-acre derelict farm. Ask the farmer!

Eleven thousand market gardeners are idle. And if you haven't met an unemployed building trade worker, you haven't travelled around much.

"Vegetables," say the Ministry of Agriculture, "will help you to make your rationed foodstuffs go further—will keep British money in the country, where it will help to win the war."

COME on, then! Give us the vegetables!

Nazis aim to starve us.

That being so, British blundering is acting as the ally of Adolf Hitler while there is a single agricultural worker without a job.

People who build and repair ships are high on the list of those whose task is to feed us. They're probably at the top of it.

Germany admits as much when she strives to sink our ships quicker than we can replace them.

Yet 9 per cent. of our shipwrights are unemployed. The precise figure is 15,647 men.

Coal counts among the essentials when it comes to feeding us. It feeds the ships and the trains that feed us. It makes our food eatable.

It is also one of the most vital sources of our national wealth. Increased coal exports are of supreme importance in paying for the war.

Fifty thousand coalminers are out of work, and many thousands more old fellows, skilled miners, eager to get back into the pits to do a spot of war work, are laughed at for their pains.

YET you know what happened during the cold spell.

"Transport broke down" was the message emanating from some ponderous brain in Whitehall. Oh, it did, did it?

Perhaps if there weren't 87,000 idle transport workers it wouldn't have done.

Perhaps, too, we'd get a better train service on the main lines, essential if our commercial travellers are going to get the orders yielding trade that conquers unemployment.

More than 20,000 merchant seamen are included in the huge unemployment figure.

Isn't it wicked?

A quarter of a million building workers and contractors have been thrown out of work.

The attitude is, "We don't want houses. We don't want splendiferous commercial buildings. Therefore we don't want the building industry."

We want every worker in that industry! Hasn't Whitehall ever heard of the word "diversion"?

Evacuation has largely broken down because billeting plans haven't proved too successful.

The solution lies in evacuation camps, twelve of which have been finished already.

The scandal is that only two are occupied. The rest, beautifully fitted and standing in wonderful grounds, are empty because local authorities can't agree which schools should be evacuated to them.

There are military camps in need of improvement. And what about air raid shelters?

The cost?

Well, make them in such a way that they can be used as garages and parking places when the war ends, and they'll go on earning for a few generations enough to pay interest on some millions of war loan.

AND now that the railways are overburdened, sea transport perilous and petrol short, there's more need than ever for a good canal service.

Coal from the French mines is now being carried by canal at one-third the rail cost.

By using canals, Holland sends goods from factory to England at less than the rail charges would be for the same freight from the English port of arrival to London.

We know half the effective length of our canals belongs to our railways, which naturally don't favour cheap competition.

But let us first get on with the job of winning this war! We can soothe all the corns trodden on afterwards.

Britain's rulers would tell you of all the obstacles in the way of these reforms, reforms which will place the winning of this war beyond any doubt.

But they won't mention the biggest obstacle of all; their own lack of imagination.

7 WARTIME DON'TS

IF you really want to help to win the war, take a second look at the seven deadly sins that you must shun. Commit any one of them, and you are helping Hitler's little friends.

Are you one of the thoughtless minority guilty of any of them?

DO YOU—

HELP HAW HAW?—Perhaps it's the eighth sin to mention him, but, since his haw-haws have earned him passing renown as a comedian, do you merely "enjoy the comedy" that gilds his pill of lies, or do you take in the rest of the pill as well? Are you guilty of passing on to your neighbour his dangerous half-truths?

GRUDGE PAYING FOR THE WAR?—The bills are coming in this year a little bigger and faster. Are you paying up as well as you can, or are you in the mood to keep the boys in the Air, the Ships, the Maginot Line waiting for the bombs and shells that will put paid to "paying for the war" as quickly as possible?

GROUSE AT RATIONING?—Are you spreading gloom—and indigestion—by forgetting how well off you are to be losing only a bit of butter, sugar, bacon, ham, and a little meat later on? Rationing started after four months of war, and isn't doing anybody any harm. Nazi Germany has been rationed in almost everything for years.

PLAY BOGY-BOGY?—It used to be called "Jitters," and we've almost forgotten the word. But a few still play bogy-bogy. Are you one of them? Every time Goering belches forth a new mass-raid-annihilation threat a few cold feet get colder; every time Goebbels invents a new propaganda "secret weapon," a handful of Dismal Jimmies forget that British scientists have always gone one better.

AID THE PROFITEERS?—You're Hitler's friend if you're not doing your bit to take the ill-gotten gains out of the pockets of the profiteers. It's impossible to list old prices of the thousands of varieties of the articles controlled by the Profiteering Act and the constantly changing extra charges for manufacture, transport and so on that can be legally added to the cost. Are you using your judgment and informing your nearest local Profiteering Committee that you suspect the man who charged you one-and-ninepence for that torch?

READ STUNT NEWSPAPERS?—Freedom isn't licence. Are you helping to win the war by trying to distinguish between the two? Freedom of opinion, freedom of speech, freedom of print are the things most worth while fighting for. Are you supporting a newspaper that abuses them? Only you can judge. Some criticism is helping to win the war. Some helping to lose it. "Anything for a sensation, or a stunt" is the slogan in some quarters, quite forgetful of how it can be distorted to serve the enemy.

THINK THE WAR WILL LAST TEN YEARS?—Do you wear a long face and spread pessimism with such remarks as, "I think it'll last ten years"? Optimists putting it at "one" may be just as right, and their smiles help to reduce "the duration" anyway.

HANNEN SWAFFER, *continuing his series of pen portraits of Britain's A.R.P. Generals, introduces Lord "Hot-Water" Harlech*

COCK *of the* NORTH-EAST

"He always seems to be falling into hot water . . . . several times he has been guilty of 'impromptu' indiscretions."

LORD HARLECH, now North-Eastern Regional Commissioner, once burst into amazing frankness.

Ramsay MacDonald was being accused of nepotism—of "working" his son Malcolm into the Cabinet.

Consoling an Opposition leader of high principles, Lord Harlech—he was then Ormsby-Gore—said:—

"Don't make too much fuss about it. This isn't the time. Why do you think I am Colonial Secretary? It is not that I am possessed of too much brains. **I married a Cecil.**"

Now, although this was self-depreciation, humorously exaggerated, it was evidence of a mind of unusual frankness and of character far above the average.

In spite of those qualities, however, and in spite of his having been a member of every Tory Government, "National" included, since the Great War, he was still little known to the public when he became a peer on the death of his father, eighty-four-year-old Lord Harlech.

Yet he has been in many rows.

HE bitterly opposed the formation of a National Government, saying, "Once bitten, twice shy"—by this he meant, of course, the L. G. Coalition. But nine days afterwards became Postmaster-General under Ramsay.

Before long, he was in a row with his first Socialist boss. After denying that the Labour Government had been brought down by a world crisis, and saying that it was because of its own inefficiency, he stood up and prophesied an even worse world crisis

Ramsay sent for him in his private room and told him what he thought of him. Well, the naughty boy seems to have been right....

Cecil by marriage though he is, Lord Harlech has no class feeling; nor has he any silly ideas about the inferiority of foreigners.

Frankly, I do not quite understand why men of his type ever go into politics. It can't be ambition.

He was "arty" as a boy. He would then take rubbings of old brasses in churches. So it is not surprising that he became President of the National Museum of Wales and a trustee of the National Gallery.

Once in his life politics and art could be indulged both at once. That was when, as First Commissioner of Works, he spent much time protecting our monuments.

As for his family's Harlech Castle, an historic pile, it never became his, for his father gave it to the nation.

Although the Press has been very critical of him, he has never resented it. "One of Hitler's worst crimes was seizing and muzzling the newspapers," he said.

When he was at the Colonial Office his Commons rows with Josh Wedgwood led to a lot of fun. Josh always took the Jews' side over Palestine. Ormsby-Gore had to wobble, for that was always Government policy over the Holy Land.

Several times they faced each other like tigers. And once there was such an extraordinary scene that, when Ormsby-Gore pointed witheringly at Josh and, angry, began calling him to order, he found that he was being called to order himself by the Speaker.

The poverty and the strikes in Jamaica, the financial collapse and calamity in Newfoundland, and the starvation of Gold Coast natives when Europeans tried to corner the cocoa supplies—these were three things over which he got into trouble in the House, although they were not primarily his fault.

In fact, he always seemed to be falling into hot water.

SEVERAL times he has been guilty of Celtic indiscretions. Once, when the Commons were considering the Locarno Treaty, he went to Manchester and said publicly that the Treaty was a combination of the Great Powers against Russia.

For a Tory, this was a terrible crime.

"It was only an impromptu indiscretion," he said, apologising in the House.

When in Malaya, he referred scathingly to a local newspaper as "Chinese-owned"—although his hosts at the dinner were themselves Chinese.

That remark caused such a row that a local paper, not "Chinese-owned," one that had been on his side, said, "We wash our hands of him."

So, you see, but for the Ormsby-Gores Parliament might become dull.

But you must not imagine from all this that Ormsby-Gore was unpopular. His political opponents like him.

Now and then he has seemed almost prophetic. Years ago—long before more than a few people in this country realised that, if Germany marched against Britain, Italy might remain neutral—he foretold that France, Italy and Britain might finish up as friends, perhaps as allies.

It was a breadth of view that kept him perhaps the strongest supporter of the League of Nations in successive Tory Governments.

Even after the failure of Munich, he believed in "getting back to an effective League of Nations and something approaching collective security."

Well now, as Lord Harlech, but without the Castle, he is Regional Commissioner for the North-Eastern Area—and a good one.

LIKE most of the Regional Commissioners, he takes the side of the A.R.P. workers in most of their arguments.

"They didn't know they would get £3 a week when they volunteered," he says. "Besides, you must compete with industry when you try to get full-time workers at £3 a week, and it should not be done for less."

"All-round conscription of effort is the only alternative," he argues—and that he does not support.

Ormsby-Gore, becoming Lord Harlech, took a view that is certainly to his credit. Three of the Secretaries of State were in the Lords.

Although he might have gone there and kept his job, he felt the Commons would resent having four Secretaries of State in the Upper House. So he resigned.

He must be happier now. For one thing, the Grand Mufti is no concern of his. The Grand Mufti, I understand, was a man he hated worse than Hitler.

Well, all those Palestine troubles which worried Ormsby-Gore so much are over for the moment.

For anti-British propaganda has stopped in Palestine, and Jews and Arabs, under the stress of war, are friendly again.

Swastika versus Cross

Nazi Hate-Masters will find that the "cross hostile to the Cross of Christ" can't endure despite all their brutality

HITLER is determined to destroy Christianity as he has destroyed German culture. He is waging war not only on Britain and France but also on the mighty empire of the Roman Catholic Church.

This has been made apparent by events that have horrified world religious leaders.

It is the message of confidential reports made by neutral observers returning from Berlin after talking with diplomats who know the inner policy of Nazi Hate-Masters.

Hence the recent activity of high dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

Nazi ambitions to make Germany "a Godless State" are not new. Religious persecution has been a canon of the Nazi creed ever since Hitler and his bloodthirsty demi-gods insisted on dictating men's thoughts as well as their actions.

Excluding such defiant exceptions as Pastor Niemoeller, the State-controlled Protestants fell early and easy victims to the wielders of steel whips and rubber truncheons.

But it was thought that even the power-drunk Nazis would hesitate to impose oppression on the mighty Catholic organisations.

FOR a time Catholics were safe.

Then their Christianity was martyred in Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Pickings from the revered treasures of ancient churches fell into the Nazi hand.

There were isolated instances of priests and their followers being manhandled.

These instances were explained away as "regrettable and irresponsible incidents" that had no official sanctions. There were apologies and assurances.

Now the full intentions of the blood-stained looters have been revealed.

The anti-Christian drive in Poland is apparent to the world. Reports from confidential agents reveal that the same systematic brutality has begun in Germany.

The Cross is to be ousted by the Swastika.

DAY by day, the world's newspapers record fresh infamies by the new rulers of Poland.

Canon Zablocki, executed by a firing squad, received two bullet wounds before his "trial." Monsignor Rolski, a man of seventy-six, a curate and a vicar were executed to avenge the death of a Nazi spy.

Father Janicki, Father Nowicki, Father Janko—all were executed.

Father Jakubowski forced to witness mass executions, then beaten with rifle butts and shot dead. Seven other priests killed in market squares before their assembled congregations. . . .

That, mark you, in a single week. What other horrors were reported (and confirmed) last week?

Priests forced to undress the corpses of men killed a fortnight ago. Hundreds of priests transported to concentration camps in Germany and given the task, among others, of cleaning soldiers' latrines.

Gestapo men confiscate monasteries and convents, turning priests and nuns into the snow, without food or money.

Posnam Cathedral is turned into a dance hall.

Turn now to Germany proper.

With covetous eyes on the £4,000,000,000 property owned by German Catholics, Nazis are beginning a campaign of robbery and extermination.

Five and a half million Catholics owned 5,223 parochial schools in Bavaria last year. To-day not a single school is left to them.

Two of every three people there look to Rome for spiritual guidance, yet the Cross has already been replaced by the sign that the late Pope fearlessly described as "*a cross hostile to the Cross of Christ.*"

The present Pope's encyclical, dealing with the war, must not be read in German churches on pain of eight years' imprisonment.

Two million believers from the strongest areas of German Catholicism are being transported to Poland for "reconstruction work."

Near the Dutch frontier, Gestapo men seized a Franciscan monastery, smoked cigarettes in the chapel while the monks prayed for the last time, and then turned them adrift.

Elsewhere, convents are being turned into barracks.

SO the campaign begins. But can even Hitler believe that it will end according to his will?

His campaign may intimidate 37,500,000 Catholics in his territories. Unlikely that it will conquer them.

For the Church of Rome has defied many attempts at pillage. Christianity is more powerful than civil usurpers.

So far, the Catholic Church has maintained a calm and discreet attitude so as not to expose its adherents to danger.

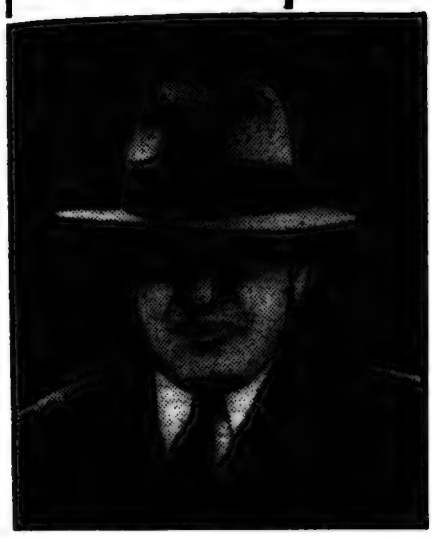
But there is no greater certainty than that it will not allow the Swastika to triumph in its domain.

Hitler has blundered as badly as when he forced Britain and France to take up arms.

This Miracle Man has many names, but to me he is—

KING OF THE QUACKS

This picture of Arthur Lewis is a little blurred, but he is as shy of the camera as he is of his name just now. It will, anyway, help you to recognise him if you should follow up one of his artful advertisements



FLARING advertisements in North-country newspapers claim that an unnamed yet "well-known Osteopath and Manipulative Healer" is performing miraculous cures daily. Cripples from all over Yorkshire and Durham are flocking to him, it is said.

A woman reader from Saltburn, visiting the mystery man at his Middlesbrough clinic the other day, was surprised to find that she was the only caller.

Still, she was early, and perhaps the many cripples hobble along later.

More interesting is the identity of this shy genius who, it is claimed, can soothe pain with his magic touch.

To let you into the secret, I'll have to borrow the stagecraft of the playwriter and switch you back two months to the Bankruptcy Court in London's famous Carey Street.

There you would find that the great man, now supposed to be besieged by sufferers, had so many names that he might be excused for not knowing which to use.

"L. Denpis" . . . "Charles Baxter" . . . "Arthur MacKenzie" . . . "I. or L. Berry" . . . "Louis Ferrie"! He admitted all of them, but was content in that dim court to face the judge—and those of his creditors who bothered to attend—as Arthur Lewis.

He was, he explained, originally Abraham Gittleshon, but changed his name to Lewis by deed poll.

No formality can alter the fact that he is about the biggest humbug with whom I have ever had to deal.

His various forms of quackery, from catarrh and sunray treatment to aids for deafness and more recently bone-setting, take top prize for impudence in fee-snatching.

No wonder he is trying to hide his name.

The reason he gave in the Bankruptcy Court for using aliases in his different ventures was that he wanted to stop JOHN BULL knowing what he was doing.

I acknowledge the compliment, but he is not so cunning as I thought if he imagines that he can escape my searchlight by such threadbare subterfuges.

Lewis's liabilities in his latest bankruptcy were £5,167. His assets, he declared, consisted of one bad debt of £393!

He explained that he was now working for a Miss Dumphy.

So he is, to all appearances, but I know all about that racket.

Miss Dumphy certainly places the flamboyant advertisements, and Lewis admitted that in earlier publicity he allowed her to use his fictitious name of "Ferrie" and the equally fictitious degrees and diplomas he assumes.

Lewis confessed that these "degrees" were not obtained by examination. He paid a fee for them.

Also, testimonials in a booklet had been obtained from the "Testimonial King" at a price!

He attributed his losses to the collapse of the Natural Health Institute, Bournemouth, a medical mail order business.

That was in 1934

His bankruptcy was adjourned then because he did not appear. He had skipped off to Ireland.

When he eventually appeared for his examination, a few months ago, his whole shuffling career was laid bare.

He denied the suggestion of the Receiver that when he left Bournemouth he had taken considerable profits with him.

All right, Mr. Arthur Lewis (or Abraham Gittleshon!), you can be sure I'll have my eye on you whatever masquerade you choose!

Public Benefactor

THIS week's guinea goes to Mr. W. Davis, of Canvey Island, Essex, for spotting a number of suspicious offers to householders.

Every conceivable racket is now being revived with increased zeal, and your help is needed in scotching them.

Keep your eyes open and write to me at once if you come across anything you think needs investigating.

Mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

It's Just Bluff

HERE are two choice new specimens of the jargon used by debt-collecting organisations to scare people into settling.

After the usual misleading warning that failure to pay immediately will involve the addition of litigation costs, one form leaves a blank space in which the recipient is supposed to complete the sentence—"I intend to defend action in the matter of above claim for reason that . . ."

Not good English, but clear in intention. It is an impudent attempt to discover the nature of any defence!

Another firm sweetens the dose with honey.

"Although our methods are termed harsh and unpleasant," it states, "we assure you that if you will deal fairly with us and make an honest and businesslike effort to settle, you will receive every help and consideration."

"Your non-reply within five days must be regarded as admission of debt."

Sheer rot!

If you are being dunned for money you don't justly owe, don't be fooled by such "frighteners."

Watch 'Em

CIRCULARS posted to "heads of leading families in the hope that they may be passed on to unmarried friends or relatives," is the saucy method chosen by Mrs. Eileen Ainsley, of Air Street, London, W., to push her marriage bureau.

Costly fees of five guineas for registration, and twenty guineas if marriage takes place, do not remove the dangers I have always stressed in warning persons against these concerns, which are steadily increasing.

Introductions, Ltd., of Buckingham Street, London, W.C., and Personal Service Club, Sixhills Street, Grimsby, are others to shun.

* * *

All for a Bob!

"Are *you* you?" is the title of a book by C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D. (U.S.A.), under whose name a "self-confidence" course is being touted from Glenside, Plymouth.

I don't know whether *you* are you, but I do not know that behind this "self-mastery for a bob" is R. H. Clemoes, whose "Christmas-card-greetings-home-work" illusion I exposed six years ago.

* * *

Assault and Battery

Optimistic racketeers, who think that the torch battery shortage is the road to easy money, are still pestering householders.

One firm has been advertising for agents, who are not only expected to pay in advance for over-priced batteries, but also to send a shilling when they apply for the job!

C. Jackson, of Bedford Road, London, W., offers to explain how batteries can be made. All he wants is a shilling—"to cover office expenses"!

Don't bother with these offers. Battery prices are now fixed, and with a little trouble you can find a shop where you can buy them at these prices.

* * *

Homework Pitfalls, Ahoy

Homework rackets are so rampant again that a special warning is needed.

Nearly all these schemes are pitfalls. Don't part with any money without seeking advice from JOHN BULL.

Beware of Melton Manufacturing Company, Leicester; Star Knitware Company, Webbs Road, London, S.W.; F. Youngson and Company, Newbald, York; and W. J. Ballard, York House, South Norwood.

Catch in the Puzzle

PRINTED clues do not appear to hold the real solution of a sixpenny crossword competition being run from Attadale, Highwood Hill, Mill Hill, London, N.W. No doubt they are a guide to the missing words, but after enquiries from many readers, I had to send a JOHN BULL representative to see the promoter, Mr. Stoney, before it was revealed that the whole thing was primarily a "snowball"!

This is the explanation of the alluring promise that "everybody who enters for five weeks running and introduces three friends will be paid ten shillings."

As usual, there is the familiar snag of your friends and their friends, and "if your entry bears their number"!

Equally misleading is the bold slogan, "£1,500 Must Be Won."

After stating in a pamphlet that the prize winner of the first competition had received **full prize money**, Mr. Stoney admitted that the amount was £10! It would take a long time to win £1,500 at that rate!

"Free Annuities for Life" are also promised, but Mr. Stoney said it was too early to talk about that.

But it is not too early for me to tell you that this is something you could safely leave alone.

MR. HILTON'S KITES

TROPICAL TALES—NEW, SENSATIONAL, DARING, RISQUE.

SUCH a boost could not but catch the eye.

One of the booklets sent to me by a reader, who was foolish enough to pay 1s. 7½d. for it, is merely tommy rot in salacious guise.

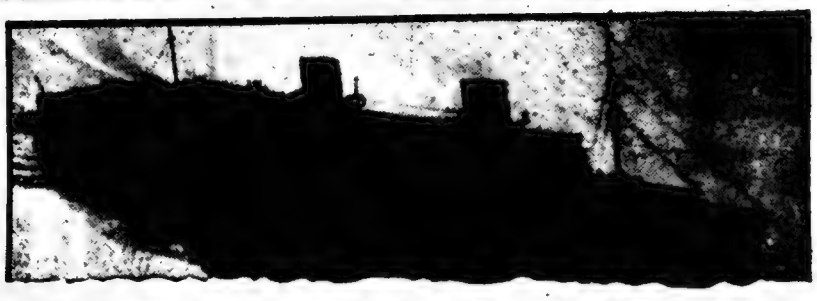
It is included in a series of catch-penny snares laid by V. Hilton from an accommodation address at Racquet Court, London, at which Hilton calls for letters, and from Townsend Court, London, N.W.

Another of his kites is flown as an advertisement declaring "Sparetime opportunities—send stamp for details."

For five shillings he offers what are supposed to be the innermost secrets of making money—by working at home after your day's job is finished.

Not long ago I exposed a film-career ramp Hilton was organising.

You'll save money and disenchantment if you ignore his glowing propositions.



The German liner "Bremen" may yet be involved in Nazi deal with Soviet to get essential war materials from the United States

"NIB" is War's Big Noise!

WHAT new explosives have been introduced during the first few months of war?

ALTHOUGH cordite, T.N.T. and ammonal are still favourites with artillery experts, two new potent explosives were announced last Spring. They were discovered by the American chemist, Hass, and they should make Hitler's mouth water because they are created from natural gas.

One of them called *nibglycerol trinitrate*, already shortened to "Nib," is produced by combining steam, nitrogen from the air and methane and ethane, which comes from natural gas.

But the only natural gas in Germany is manufactured by Goebbels. Nearest large sources are in the Rumanian oil districts.

Britain has little, but France has plenty in her coal shale areas.

Here are the Answers

WHY should the Eire Government be trying to impose a "black-out" if that country is neutral and has nothing to fear from Nazi bombers?

BRITISH air experts say that a Nazi raiding squadron trying to pick out Liverpool in the dark could do so by getting bearings on the lights of Dublin.

On a reasonably clear night the lights of Dublin could be picked up 100 to 150 miles away at 20,000 feet.

The German Minister in Dublin has protested strongly against the Eire "black-out," even saying that it would be taken by Germany as a breach of neutrality.

Irish wits are now asking, "Who are we neutral against?"

WHY is Germany selling merchant ships to Russia?

RUSSIA offers her the only chance of beating our sea blockade in getting essential materials from America.

These goods will be loaded to Russian ships in the United States Pacific ports, taken to Vladivostock and from there sent overland to Germany.

Captain Weidmann, Hitler's ex-adjutant and most trusted friend, is Nazi Consul-General in San Francisco to organise this "backstairs" trade route.

WHAT are the Government's plans for dealing with the evacuee problem, assuming that the war goes on for the expected three years or more?

HOUSEHOLDERS cannot be asked to accommodate strangers indefinitely, and lack of adequate schooling and the normal effects of children's growth will create further problems for temporary hosts.

So the Government plans to solve the education problem by building temporary schools in reception areas. It is not considered wise to make extensions to schools now in existence because of the cost, and redundancy when the war is finished.

Accommodation is to be provided by building camp centres in country districts complete with school huts and clinics.

Twelve of such camps have already been completed, but only three of them have been occupied, and then only at half strength through various muddles in the organisation.

These camps can become holiday centres for city children in peace time.

WHY should sea-shells be considered contraband of war? Among a cargo recently seized by the Navy were 113 bales of sea-shells.

PRAISE the all-seeing eye of the Ministry for Economic Warfare, which can even include sea-shells among the substances helping the enemy.

"Sea-shells are on our list," said a commodity expert at the Ministry, "because, ground down, one kind makes chicken food, another an excellent fertiliser. Fast dye, useful for staining camouflage fabrics, can be obtained from others."

Aces of the Secret Se

They Stol Kaiser's S

"IT'S impossible!" shouted the American Staff Captain at La Rochelle, as he looked across the desk at his informant in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Absolutely impossible!" he added.

"It isn't," came the quiet reply. "It's him. I'd know him anywhere!"

The Captain reached for his telephone and called the Colonel:

"Remember that fellow we arrested for setting fire to the aeroplane supply depot?" he asked.

"You mean the chap who's to be shot in two days' time?" asked the Colonel. "What about him?"

"Well, I've got Conway in my office. He used to be attached to the American Embassy in Berlin, and he swears the prisoner is *Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's favourite son*!"

The Colonel jumped.

"What?" he shouted down the receiver "Is he sure?"

"Absolutely certain," came the answer. "He met Prince Joachim while he was at the Embassy!"

"Phew-ew-ew!" whistled the Colonel as he replaced the telephone. "Won't the General be tickled pink about this!"

The General *was* tickled pink.

HE immediately issued an order that the information was not to be allowed out of the office, and then he called a conference of representatives of the Allied Armies.

American officers were all for publishing the news, and then going ahead with the execution. They thought this would prove the best possible propaganda.

The French were inclined to agree.

But two officers of the British Military Intelligence persuaded their colleagues to postpone the execution for three weeks, and to withhold the news.

The capture of Prince Joachim in June, 1918, was to lead to an amazing plan without equal in the records of Secret Service work.

The German Imperial High Command had launched its last desperate hammer blow by feinting at the 5th Army, inflicting dreadful losses, a few weeks previously.

The Allies knew it was the last, but unless the attack could be held it would be the last of the Allies.

It was essential to get inside information of the German plans of operations.

Intelligence men thought they could see a way.

"We're proposing to 'plant' a man on the German Secret Service in San Sebastian, in Spain, in such a way that he'll be deputed to rescue Prince Joachim," they explained to the curious Americans. "After that he'll be a real hero in their eyes and will be in a position to get the information we want from the German General Headquarters at Coblenz."

"How are you going to do it?"

"THE German Secret Service likes to grab criminals on the run. We'll send our man over as an American officer who is really a wanted criminal. He's supposed to have escaped from the prison where you've got Prince Joachim.

"Incidentally, we'd like you to detail a couple of officers to chase him all over Spain with as much noise and newspaper publicity as you can manage."

A recent picture of Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's favourite son

Next day Major "B." (I cannot divulge his real name since he is still in Secret Service work) landed in Spain a few hours ahead of two American Intelligence officers.

WITHIN twenty-four hours Spain was ringing with news of the hunt. When Major "B" reached San Sebastian on the third day, German Secret Service men knew all there was to "know" about him.

The trick worked like a charm.

A German agent immediately contacted "B." at his hotel to get a description of the layout of the cell-block of the Army Prison at La Rochelle.

When "B." hinted that he had contrived his escape with the help of three friendly guards, the agent took him along to headquarters, where he was bluntly offered £2,000 to return to La Rochelle to rescue Prince Joachim.

The American "criminal" fell for the bait after the right amount of hesitation.

Back in La Rochelle, "B." arranged to spend a day in the cell next to that of the noble prisoner.

He communicated his "plans of escape" to Prince Joachim during the exercise period.

"I've been sent by the German Secret Service to rescue you," he said. "I'm to be released to-morrow. I'll be back with a car just before exercise begins. The moment you come out

vice, No. 2.

e the
on!

This is the fate that every secret agent risks—death before a firing-squad

British troops going over the the top in the big push which won the Great War and which was begun as a direct result of information obtained by daring Secret-Service men

make a break for the gate. It's your only chance!"

The escape went according to plan.

Four sentries blazed away after the receding car, but none of them was able to hit it!

Frontier guards had not been taken into the secret, and, as it would have looked "fishy" if the pair had been able to get back to Spain too easily, "B." and Prince Joachim spent two days struggling over the mountains by little-known passes.

San Sebastian headquarters received "B." with open arms, and, a few hours after his arrival, showed him a radio telegram of congratulation from the Kaiser.

The Kaiser expressed the hope that "B." would be able to come to Germany to receive his thanks.

At that time the German Secret Service was doing its utmost to get hold of plans of a new American light tank.

They questioned "B." closely.

"It's no use asking me about it," Major "B." protested. "You want to get hold of a chap like my pal. He used to be a major in the engineers, but now he's attached to the Tank Corps. I believe he worked on the plans of these things when they were being designed."

"Would he be willing to do business with us?"

"I should think he would, if your price is big enough. If you could put up a big enough price, I think he'd deliver you the moon."

"YOU must go back to France, find this man and bring him here with the plans of the tank. He'll be paid £1,000 cash on delivery of the plans and will receive £35 a week as long as he serves us faithfully!"

This put "B." in a quandary.

He wanted to get to the General Headquarters, in Coblenz, but it looked as though he was going back to France.

Once again the British Intelligence put things right.

With the help of the American Intelligence, they produced "Jack Courtney," a skilled American tank officer prepared to undertake the assignment.

He was equipped with a set of plans so like the real thing that anyone would recognise it on sight.

But they faked a set of false specifications, and redrew portions of the plans, so that only a technical expert from the Mechanical and Aviation Branch in Berlin could sort them out.

They took care to see that even he would require days and days of conversations with "Courtney," and weeks and weeks of redrawing, before he could hope to understand them.

Unable to understand either the plans or Courtney's long-winded, technical explanations, the authorities in San Sebastian decided to ship him off to the Mechanical and Aviation Branch in Berlin.

"A submarine will be calling for Prince Joachim," they revealed. "You two will have to go with him."

Landing at Kiel, they were rushed to Berlin and then to Coblenz, where "B." was thanked by von Hindenburg.

After this no one took the slightest interest in them for nearly a fortnight, even though they remained under careful surveillance.

It looked as though the German Secret Service was awakening, especially as an attractive German girl, Leni, had gone out of her way to scrape an acquaintance with the "Spanish foreigners."

"B." and Courtney scented a trap, but they had made a firm friend of her and took her everywhere with them.

To add to an already ticklish situation, "B." fell head-over-heels in love with her, and Leni conceived a violent passion for the daring agent.

Eventually "B." was asked to go to General Headquarters to reveal the numbers and dispositions of American troops. "Courtney" was sent to the Mechanical and Aviation Branch to work on the "plans" of the new tank.

It was obvious that they were only being played with. They began to figure out ways and means of making a dash for the Dutch border.

When their tension had almost reached breaking point, Leni sprang a surprise.

"I'm not just the average girl you think I am," she said.

"I'm working for the Secret Service, and it's been my job to get evidence against you.

"We know you are spies," she added. "We know that the escape of Prince Joachim was carefully arranged and that the blue-prints of the tanks are fakes.

"Oh, don't deny it," she insisted. "We have spies in France, and we know that you're after details of the Operational Plans? Isn't that so?"

"Who told you all this?" "B" parried.

"My chief told me you were spies," came the answer. "He's known it ever since you landed at Kiel, but he hasn't been able to get any evidence against you.

"One of von Hindenburg's Staff Colonels told me about the Operational Plans. According to him, it would be a good thing if you *did* get them!"

"That's a funny thing for him to say."

"No, it isn't. He's really a firm patriot, but he's a brilliant tactician. He knows that we can never hope to win the war. *Not* this war, anyway.

"He says that all we can hope to do is to prolong it for another eighteen months until everyone is reduced to starvation and beggary. And Germany has been dealt a blow from which she could never recover.

"IF you got hold of the plans he thinks your Government could bring the war to an end.

"Germany would still be strong enough to recover and make another effort in twenty or thirty years' time."

"B's" first inclination was to deny everything, but some inner voice told him to commit his safety to Leni.

"Well, if that's the way he thinks about it, do you think he'd sell us copies of them?"

"I don't know. I shall find out," returned Leni.

When she came back next morning her face was half-smiling.

"He's agreed," she said. "But he's had to take another Staff Colonel into his confidence. If you have the power to treat for your Government, they are prepared to deliver you the plans on the following terms.

"Your Government is to deposit the sum of £100,000 in their accounts in one of the London banks the moment the plans are handed to your Field Headquarters in France.

"It is to guarantee them safe conduct to the United States and immunity from the German Secret Service as long as they remain there. Is it a deal?"

"Yes, it's a deal!" said "B." The Operational Plans would have been cheap at £1,000,000!

"Then this is what they'll do," said Leni. "They'll collect you in their car this afternoon and take you up to front lines on the excuse that they want to check over the ground with you.

"ALL four of you will have to cross No-Man's Land at night. They'll carry the Plans with them and will hand them over only to the Commander."

"But what about you?" "B" demanded. "We can't go off and leave you here like this!"

"Don't worry about me. I'm leaving for Holland this afternoon. You say you want to marry me! We'll see. Here is an address where you can find me in Amsterdam. I'll wait there for one month. If you don't communicate with me in that time I'll know that what you did was for your country and that you don't really love me."

She rushed out of the room, leaving a slip of paper on the table.

The two Staff Colonels arrived according to schedule, and "B" and "Courtney" crossed the lines with them on the night of June 29, 1918.

The swift smash-up that started the following month was based on the precious papers contained in the leather portfolios carried by the colonels.

The American newspapers announced in July, 1918, that the "Agamemnon" had landed the two first American prisoners of war, two Staff Colonels belonging to von Hindenburg's Staff.

None of the papers thought it strange that two Staff Colonels should be the only prisoners.

None of them discovered that a newly-married couple had arrived in the same boat on their honeymoon.

Who would have given a second thought to Major "B" and his German wife?

By Louis C. Mansfield

the writer who was once a private detective and who, as a code and forgery expert, has made an intensive study of international Secret Service methods

NEXT WEEK.

In fiction the woman spy is invariably a beautiful siren, but in real life the Secret Service wants brains and courage rather than good looks.

Britain's greatest woman spy, for example, was an elderly woman usually known as "Ma." There was nothing glamorous about her—but her daring exploits were uncannily successful.

Louis Mansfield will tell her dramatic story in our next issue.

SHORT STORY BY C. HEDLEY BARKER

For Old Time's Sake

The first thing he saw on the counter was Mr. Poskett's snuff-box, and in an instant it was in his pocket. He had long coveted its loveliness, the beauty of its emerald set in the centre of the lid

THE shop was dark. For no reason at all, except a happy vagary of the builder, it was T-shaped. It had corners of comfortably enveloping gloom where customers given to reverie might be alone with their daydreams.

They could brood fondly over the things of past time, quaint "snow-storms" in bladders of green glass, Chinese ivory chessmen of an incredibly delicate beauty, lovely cabinets and linenfold chests, and the fragile novelties of Venetian glassware.

The sign over the shop said *Timothy Bell, Antiques and Objets d'Art*, and the billheads diffused the further information that Timothy Bell was prepared to value collections, that distance was no object and that he was a specialist in the grandfather clocks of Thomas Tompion.

No one had ever asked his expert advice as to the value of his collection, nor did anyone buy in any large numbers the grandfather clocks of Thomas Tompion.

SOMETIMES Timothy Bell would awake from his contemplation of a Sheraton bureau or a Cinque Cento crucifix and be aware, with a sinking heart, of the sleepiness all about him.

Sometimes it was so still in the narrow street outside that he would hear the mouse busy behind the skirting-board. The little town was moribund. If you ever chanced to ask Timothy Bell about the state of trade he would shudder and an expression of torture would visit his face.

"Trade?" he would say. "Don't ask me. It's chronic. It's just playing at business. I don't know what's come over the town, I don't really."

The cathedral was close by.

But he didn't often hear the cathedral clock, or at least he heard it only subconsciously. His time was pretty well filled, for ever at the disposal of unprofitable visitors, old cronies with a fellow-feeling for the sheen of ancient oak, Cromwellian relics, netsukes from Japan, or the beautiful spirals in the stem of a wineglass.

Unprofitable customers, wistfully picking things up and putting them down, wishing they were better off, and spending nothing. But Timmy didn't mind.

What shall it profit a man, he would say, if he gain the whole world and lose his old friends?

Still, there was one gentleman who came to talk and sometimes stayed to buy. A Baxter print here and there, a pair of old daggers, and once a salt-cellar of the Georgian period—a good sale that had been, and just when Timmy was needing the £15.

"But I'm not the customer I would be, Timmy," said Mr. Poskett. "The lovely dragon on that lacquered cabinet, for instance. I want him for mine own. But there you are. I put my faith in Brazilian railways. And they're a washout, Timmy, a complete blooming washout."

Mr. Poskett produced his snuffbox, remarked as usual, that it was a filthy habit, and passed the box, as usual, to Timmy. Again, as usual, Timmy closed the lid and fondled it, considered with a glowing eye the beauty of its brilliant enamels, the emerald set in the centre of the lid.

He shook his head, admiring.

"A pretty thing," he said. "A lovely thing. I envy you that, Mr. Poskett, I do indeed."

"Thou shalt not covet," laughed Mr. Poskett, "thy neighbour's goods—eh, Timmy? Yes, it's a beautiful thing. I ought not to keep it. It's an unwarrantable luxury in these hard times. But I can't bring myself to part with it. It's grown on me, like a friend."

Time passed.

Trade got worse.

ONE morning Timmy went to the mat and retrieved a letter. He turned white when he read it. It was from a creditor. Brief, harsh and threatening, the creditor announced that his patience was at an end. Unless Timmy remitted the £20 due by return, process in the courts would supervene.

For the first time in his life Timmy was afraid. He saw the future as a tiger waiting to spring upon him. He saw in the glass as he shaved the pinched face of a man who was almost sick with dread.

He carried his dread with him into the street as he took down the shutters of his shop. He would soon have a pack of creditors at his heels—if he failed to satisfy this one the news would travel like a bush-fire. Bankruptcy stared him in the face: the stigma, the shame, the disgrace of failure, the cold stares of the creditors whom he had robbed.

Nine o'clock.

The boom of the clock high in its Gothic tower sounded like a doomful knell. The narrow High Street, coloured by Timmy's mood, was steeped in melancholy. He slunk into the dark shop like a fugitive passing into sanctuary; not to sit behind the counter, as was his custom, but into the right-hand corner of the "T."

HE wanted to hide.

He wanted to see each customer before he himself was seen. The creditor might implement his letter by a personal appearance.

Shame pricked him.

A skulker, a shabby apology for manhood, dodging behind his own furniture, peering affrightedly around a Queen Anne tallboy. There was something wrong with the world when £20 could turn an honest man into a cowering rascal.

All at once his heart leaped like a scared rabbit as a footstep sounded inside the open door. He eye had wandered, he was caught off his guard. If he peered furtively around the tallboy, it might be to meet the eye of a friend, and that friend might account his conduct more than strange.

Moreover, he didn't feel equal to meeting a friend at the moment.

He was not at all sure that he might not involve himself in the shame of asking for a loan.

"Timmy?"

Timmy held his breath, flattened himself in his corner, and heard the thump, thump of fear against his ribs. Two loud snorts sounded as a pinch of snuff was received into its predestined home.

"H'm," muttered Mr. Poskett aloud. "Funny." And then, louder, "Timmee!"

Mr. Poskett departed. Mopping his brow, Timmy decided that he was playing the fool, and came out. The first thing that he saw on the counter was

(Continued on page 24)

Give your Smile a good SPRINGY CLEANING

with the SPRINGY BRISTLES of a HALEX TOOTHBRUSH

Three shapes at a shilling

OTHERS 6d. to 2/-

All in the 'Streamline' case

for your HALEXERCISE

Acid Stomach

TRIPLE-ACTION REMEDY

7 BALANCED INGREDIENTS

RELIEF FROM ... VERY FIRST DOSE

WHEN digestive trouble starts, the first signs are usually heartburn, flatulence and pain or fullness after meals. Excess acid inflames the stomach lining, and a special formula is needed to overcome these distressing symptoms. In De Witt's Antacid Powder, with its triple-action formula containing seven ingredients, you have that special remedy for digestive troubles. De Witt's Antacid Powder gives *relief from the first dose* because:—

- Firstly, De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises the excess acid that is causing flatulence, pain and inflammation of the stomach lining.
- Secondly, Colloidal-Kaolin and Bismuths soothe and protect the inflamed stomach lining, but still allow the ordinary process of digestion to go on.
- Thirdly, to make sure of permanent relief, one ingredient, Malt-diastase, actually digests part of the food and relieves the weakened stomach.

With confidence we say De Witt's Antacid Powder is also the most economical treatment, as each 1/6 canister contains over 36 doses. A generous supply of this guaranteed indigestion remedy, made to the wonderful triple-action formula, costs only 1/6, if you ask for:—

DE WITT'S the Triple-action ANTACID POWDER

Obtainable from all chemists, in large sky-blue canisters, price 1/6, double size 2/6.

In this War-

be one of

"THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND"

In this Country there are 350,000 factories, workshops, offices, stores, etc., each of which should be running a War Savings Group. The aim is that within six months, at least 100,000 War Savings Groups shall be actively at work.

Will you play your part?

Whether you are the humblest employee of a big firm or its Managing Director, you can make a vital contribution to Victory by putting your heart and soul into this idea of Group Saving.

THE FIRST STEP IS TO FILL IN AND POST THE COUPON BELOW. DO THIS *AT ONCE.*

WAR SAVINGS GROUPS provide a means of regular week by week saving at your place of employment, recreation, etc., by investment in National Savings Certificates, 3% Defence Bonds, the Post Office Savings Bank or the Trustee Savings Banks.

COUPON. APPLY TO YOUR LOCAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE OR TO THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, LONDON, S.W.1

I/We wish to form a National Savings Group in my/our firm, factory, office, shop. The total number of people employed is approximately _____
Please send details of suitable schemes.

Signature(s)_____
(Write in pencil and in BLOCK LETTERS)

Name of firm_____

Address_____

LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

See how they thrive on WEETABIX

Rosy Cheeks—Sound Teeth —healthy young bodies

Weetabix never fails to tempt their flagging appetites. They can't resist its nutty flavour and crisp crunchiness. Weetabix is by far the best food you can give the children at breakfast or at any time of the day—*and don't they like it!* It contains all the health-giving elements of the whole wheat berry.

Weetabix has proved to be a great war-time food. Can easily replace bacon for breakfast, with hot or cold milk, and it's more nourishing. Saves on the butter ration because it's so good with marmalade, honey or jam. And if you eat a little less meat and more Weetabix you'll be better in health. The sensible cereal of a hundred uses, made from sun-ripened double-toasted whole wheat. Served straight from the carton. No cooking—no preparation.

Weetabix Limited, Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Nr. Kettering, Northants.

Weetabix

More than a Breakfast Food

NO INCREASE IN PRICE **6D. & 10½D.**

OF ALL GROCERY STORES

ENJOY WAR'FARE'

BREAKFAST WITH MY FRUITY FLAVOUR

SAYS *Master Okay* —*the Saucy Boy.*

At all good Stores.

MASON'S O.K THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

The more we are TOGETHER

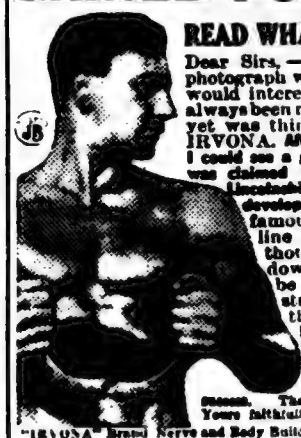
It's a wonderful thing to "rub shoulders," to feel on friendly terms with all around you, to know that you'll be listened to when you've a point to make.

Jokes about this and that . . . talk and laughter . . . such are the peaceful sounds that greet your ears as you push open the doors of your inn. There is wonderful relief from war these dark evenings around the glasses of golden beer.

For in the pub is found the very freedom and kindliness we are defending. That's why since war broke out—you've heard it so often said: "Let's go round to the pub and have a glass of beer!" It's a rare old drink, too, is our English beer—for keeping the flag flying in our hearts. The healthy drink of our fathers, made of wholesome malt and hops.

Throw off your worries to-night and stick to beer. For beer is best.

GAINED POUNDS



READ WHAT HE SAYS

Dear Sirs,—I enclose my photograph which I thought would interest you. I have always been naturally strong, yet was thin until I tried IRVONA. After only two boxes I could see a great difference. I was claimed by thousands as Lincolnshire's most perfectly developed man. To be famous is not in my line when so many thousands of run-down thin men could be just as fit and strong if only they would try IRVONA Brand Tablets. In less than three months I gained a stone and a half—another IRVONA success. Thanking you again. Yours faithfully, David Kahlmann.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:—

IRVONA (Dept. 2288), 1, GRESSE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.
Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

Poison Pen Arrest

3-Minute Mystery

"And what does the unknown writer say you've been up to?" asked Captain Connolly

MAJOR SMYTHE unlocked his desk, took out a bundle of letters and flung them down in front of Captain John Connolly, the Intelligence Officer.

"Look at those!" he said. "Just look at them! There's hardly a day passes without the postman leaving at least one at my 'digs.'"

"And what does our unknown writer say you've been up to?" asked Connolly.

"They all accuse me of playing around with the two girls in the office and with the A.T.S. corporal who drives my car," came the heated reply. "One of them even goes so far as to suggest I am assisting the colonel in a racket to get a 'rake-off' on every contract we let out!"

"What's the colonel say to that?"

"I haven't told him," replied Smythe. "I thought it better not to say a word to anyone; but now my adjutant and the typists are getting them it's time to do something."

"I'll have a chat to those three first," said Connolly.

"I only received one letter," the adjutant explained. "It accuses me of taking bribes to get certain contracts through quickly."

"Ah. Somewhat similar to what they say about the major," the Intelligence man remarked. "Do you think he's working a racket?"

"What, the major? Good Lord, no!"

CONNOLLY went to the senior typist.

"What about you, Miss Neville?" he asked.

"I've had four or five. They all say that I run around with the major after hours."

"*Have* you ever met Major Smythe after hours?"

Miss Neville coloured slightly.

"Well I did once," she said. "But only to make up a party because his fiancee couldn't go."

Captain Connolly sought Mary Blake.

"And what do *your* letters say?" he enquired.

"The same as Miss Neville's. I'm supposed to be running around with Major Smythe. As though I would! He's old enough to be my father!"

"And do you think he might've been carrying on with his chauffeuse?"

Mary Blake hesitated a moment.

"You've got something there," she said. "Whoever is writing these letters knows something, because I have seen him out with her on several occasions."

When Connolly left the office he took one of the staff with him—under arrest! Who was it?

(See page 38)

Continuing Short Story from previous page

Mr. Bell Wins Out

Mr. Poskett's snuffbox. In an instant it was in his pocket.

It seemed to Timmy after that that he was taking part in some horrid nightmare.

He seemed to be at the mercy of some unseen force driving him on willy-nilly.

Not until he found himself in the train for Ipswich did he come out of the haze, the semi-stupor, enveloping him. He considered his situation with a staggered amazement.

His quick, furtive pounce upon the snuffbox, the locking up of his shop—on a Wednesday! And here he was sitting in a third-class compartment on his way to Ipswich.

It was awful in the pawnbroker's shop.

A LOT of clocks were ticking, and they made a devilish uproar—it seemed to Timmy an accusing uproar, as if they were saying t-h-i-e-f, thief. He perspired a good deal, and mumbled, and averted his eyes, while the pawnbroker studied the emerald through a little spyglass.

He closed the lid with a snap.

"Twenty-five pounds," he said.

Timmy's trembling hand gathered up the notes and the pawn-ticket. "Snuffbox, enamel and emerald," was the description set forth. Timmy noticed a little snuff on the glass top of the pawnbroker's showcase, and suddenly his eyes smarted with tears.

Hurriedly he left the shop.

He tried to cheer himself up on the way back by telling himself that twenty-five pounds was neither here nor there to an antique dealer.

He had only to sell a couple of Hepplewhite chairs, for instance, and he would be able to get the snuffbox out.

But the nearer he got to his shop the more crushing became the dread in his heart—dread of the moment when he should meet Mr. Poskett again. It wouldn't be for a week. Mr. Poskett lived in a village ten miles away, and only came into Casterbury once a week.

Could he ape innocence and put on the seeming of truth? Having made this base return for friendship, could he crown it with specious lies? He looked forward to the encounter with misery and apprehension.

ON the way from the station he called to pay his creditor. Relief flooded into his being.

A fresh start!

He would have a sale. Slashing reductions. Unprecedented bargains.

But as he neared his shop he stopped, hesitated, shrank. Two men stood outside. One of them spotted him and approached, strangely ominous.

"Sorry, Mr. Bell, but the balloon's gone up. If you can't pay seventy-five pounds you're for it."

"Sev—seventy-five pounds?"

"Order for distraint. If you can't pay, we'll have to take possession."

Mutely he handed over the key. They went in. He stood for some time staring about him, fixing the scene in his mind, storing up memories for another day. Then he handed the bailiff a billhead with his sister's name and address at Bamford written thereon.

"I couldn't bear to see—to see—if you could let me know what the things fetch?"

An hour later he went out for the last time, took a last look at the signboard from across the road, and bent his footsteps towards the station.

Thirty-five shillings a week was all the antique dealer in Bamford would pay. Timmy was suddenly an old man, slow of brain, and uncertain in movement.

"That's the figure, and you can take it or leave it."

Timmy took it. Week by week he paid his sister twenty-seven-and-six. Week by week he set aside seven-and-sixpence, denying himself a smoke, denying himself a visit to the pictures, denying himself with an iron will so much as a penny piece.

IN the long summer evenings he did odd jobs of gardening. The interest on the loan of twenty-five pounds had to be met monthly, and capital accumulated. Sometimes his heart failed him. Periodically he was visited by the fear that he would die before he could get the money.

On a bright morning two years afterwards his gait took on a new briskness as he walked on to the platform for Ipswich.

It was with a light heart that he finally came in sight of Mr. Poskett's village abode. He was going to square up, redress the balance with his conscience, officiate at the reunion of Mr. Poskett and his snuffbox.

He knocked on the door. Could he see Mr. Poskett?

Alas, no. Time passes, and the body is but mortal. Mr. Poskett, said his sister, was dead—suddenly, it was, on October 14, 1936.

Yes, Timmy remembered the date.

It was the day of the bailiffs, the dreadful day when——

"Excuse me," said the sister, "but I wonder if you are Mr. Timmy? Won't you come in?"

Her brother, she said, was always careless. He had left a will on a piece of notepaper. There was a lump in Timmy's throat when he read it.

"To Timmy," it said, "my jewelled snuffbox, for old time's sake."

Your Own Tailor!

REALISING the need for economy, JOHN BULL announces on page 4 an invaluable new privilege book—"The Pictorial Guide to Modern Home Dressmaking"—which shows in more than 450 how-to-do-it diagrams and easily understandable instructions how you can make any garment, from a child's overall to an elaborate evening dress.

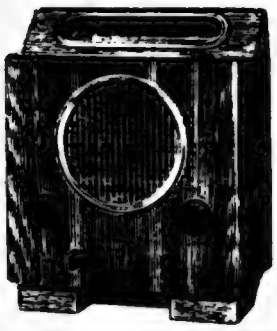
Every woman will find this book a guide to perfection, even though she has never before tried to make clothes. Turn to the announcement on page 4

WHAT are war-time wireless sets going to be like? Well, there are some pretty hefty problems to face, and in the next few months no doubt you will be seeing various answers from different manufacturers. So far as we are concerned, I can tell you right away that we shall not move from our traditional policy of "Stick to essentials and blow the frills." Meanwhile, there are still a few of the present range of Murphy Sets designed in happier days, and anybody who needs a wireless set now will make a very good investment by buying one of them. Call and see your Murphy Dealer before they all go. (The sets, I mean, not the Dealers!!)

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director.

70 ALL-WAVE MAINS CONSOLE MODEL (*Above*)
Here is console quality of reproduction and a satisfying performance at moderate cost. Variable selectivity and continuously variable tone control.
Cash Prices:
A.C. MODEL . . . £15.10
D.C./A.C. MODEL . . £15.15

*

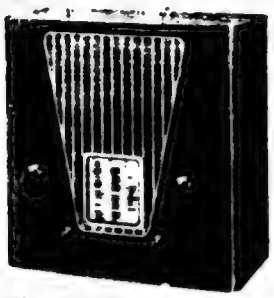


72 ALL WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL
A sensitive receiver with exceptionally good all-round performance.
Cash Prices:
A.C. MODEL . . . £13.0
D.C./A.C. MODEL . . £13.10

*

A76 ALL-WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL (*Below*)
Designed to make world-wide short-wave reception easy and certain, and free from the usual whistles and general interference by means of special circuits and band-spread tuning.
Cash Price . . . £17.10

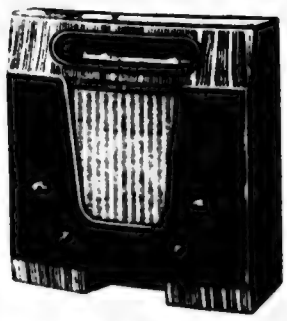
HIRE PURCHASE TERMS ARE AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS



B.69 BATTERY TABLE MODEL (*Above*)
This all-wave battery receiver gives the high performance of a superhet at minimum cost. Fitted with "economy" valves, which allow longer use of accumulator between charges.
Cash Price (batteries extra) £9

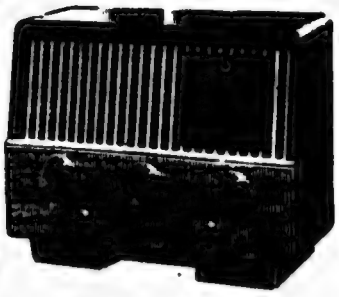
*

B.81 BATTERY PORTABLE MODEL (*Below*)
Has a high standard of quality, reception and range which is unusual in most portables. A special circuit ensures battery economy.
Cash Price:
(batteries extra) . . £9



A74 ALL-WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL (*Left*)
This is a high quality set for people who like good listening. Outstanding quality of reproduction, and variable selectivity to cut out interference. Alphabetical tuning scale is fitted.
Cash Price:
A.C. MODEL £16.15

Prices do not apply in Eire.



MURPHY RADIO

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

C.R.C.395

Vive le Four Square!

Ah, mon colonel, your "tommies" are — how you say — wonderful, but no more so than your Four Square tobacco. I meet one man — he smoke le Four Square. I meet two mans — he smoke le Four Square. Nom d'un pipe, what is this Four Square? A pure tobacco, yes? — with no artificial flavouring, aged and matured like the wines of la belle France. Mais oui — the toast, it is "Vive l'Entente Cordiale" and also "Vive le Four Square!"

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS		FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS	
Mixture (Green)	1/1½d oz	Cut Cake (Yellow)	1/2d oz
Curlies (Purple)	1/1½d oz	Ripe Brown (Brown)	1/2d oz
Mixture—Original (Blue)	1/5½d oz	Matured Virginia—Original (Red)	1/6d oz
„ —Medium Light (Blue)	1/5½d oz	„ Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)	1/6d oz

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES: Standard size (Plain or cork tipped): 20 for 1/2d
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TOBACCO FOR THE TROOPS

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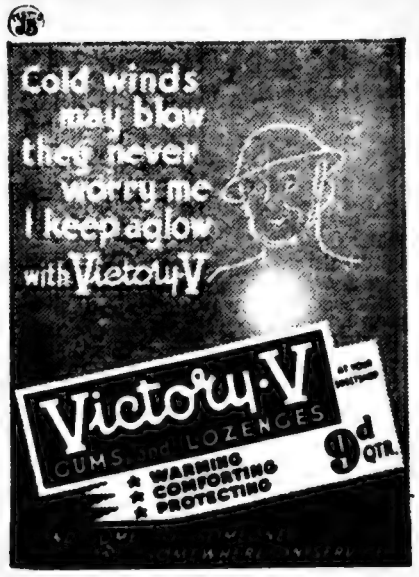

HUMANIST answers the young man who demands to know why he should remain honest

TEMPTED!

Even though the criminal may have no conscience, he lives in a state of perpetual fear.

"WHY shouldn't I become a criminal and free myself from all responsibilities?" cries a young reader, who argues that the ne'er-do-well earns a certain measure of admiration and the law-breaker is often put on the same pedestal as the hero.

"Why should this be so?" he asks. "We are supposed to have higher conceptions of heroism than our forefathers.

"I have always taken pride in being honest, scorning to do a mean action or to play an underhand trick," he continues, "yet I cannot help wondering at times whether the pathway of honesty is the best.

"More than three years ago my father deserted us to return to the life of crime he had followed since he was a boy. Admittedly he has some bad patches, yet he always has a roof over his head, enough food to eat, no taxes to pay, and no responsibilities of any kind.

"We at home live on the poverty-line, sometimes short of food, always stinting ourselves to meet bills, and whenever the rent is overdue there is a threatening landlord on the scene.

"Life seems unjustly hard in such conditions, yet it appears to be the poor person's reward for remaining honest."

Last time I dealt with this problem of honesty the question was raised by an elderly man who looked back on a life of struggling and wondered whether it was worth the effort.

This time a young man sees two roads ahead of him, wonders whether to take the difficult path of strict honesty or the easy road to crime.

He sees the criminal as a happy-go-lucky adventurer without a care in the world. But he is nothing of the kind. There is nothing glamorous about it.

The schoolboy reads exciting stories about super-crooks such as Raffles and Arsène Lupin, but these beings exist only in imagination. Confessions of genuine law-breakers make melancholy reading.

EVEN though the criminal may have no conscience, he lives in a state of perpetual fear, and trembles every time he hears a knock on the door.

I don't think the young man seriously contemplates such a life.

He takes a pride in being honest, but he would feel contemptible if he dodged all responsibilities and victimised decent people.

He would loathe himself.

This question of honesty has been emphasised lately.

Readers will remember the letter from a 'bus conductor about people giving him "dud" coins in the black-out.

I asked for opinions, and they came in scores by every post. They came from other conductors (and their wives), from cashiers to transport companies, from accountants, from bankers. Every writer made suggestions to remedy the trouble. I cannot find room to quote more than two. The first is from a banker.

"The counterfeiter's problem has always been the making of coins good enough in appearance to get past the man in the street," he says. "If the Government offered compensation to victims, people would not be nearly so careful in inspecting coins, knowing they did not stand to lose.

"Anyone taking the necessary care can tell a bad silver piece even in the black-out by feeling the surfaces of the coin between the thumb and forefinger. There is a certain greasiness on all 'silver' coins that is absent in the genuine article.

"There is one test that has never failed. ***Moisten the surface of the coin and rub it gently with a piece of caustic. If the coin is bad the caustic will leave black streaks, but if it is good no impression will remain.***

"The 'bus conductor should not consider foreign coins a total loss. Any reputable tourist agency will change them at a reasonable rate."

Many writers suggest that 'bus conductors should "pool" their losses. If they agreed to pay 3d. a week towards such losses the misfortune would not fall so heavily on individuals.

Such schemes are already working in some places, and one writer, the president of a "Bad Coin Club," has sent me a printed copy of the membership card.

"I suggest that the conductor forms a committee in co-operation with his trade union secretary and starts a share-out club," he says. "My depôt has run one for twelve years.

"We pay 3d. a week to our secretary when we pay our union subscriptions. Last year we shared out 11s. 9d., and this included the three months of black-out."

Two of the rules deserve to be mentioned:

Base coins accepted while on duty exchanged through the club, 25 per cent. value of such coins to be deducted from members' individual share-out.

If proved that the coin was not taken on duty, the member to be expelled and have no further claims upon the club.

These rules will obviously check carelessness and exterminate dishonesty.

Now for the problem of a married woman who says that as a child she had terrible nightmares and was scared of the dark.

"I still am to a certain extent," she continues.

"I was afraid to let myself fall asleep for fear of the queer shapes that went flitting through the darkness above my head. I cannot describe them, but I was not dreaming.

"Now that my husband has joined the Army and I am living alone, the peculiar experiences have started again after all these years.

"They seem to occur as soon as I get my head on the pillow and go on as long as I keep it there. The sensation is just like a train tearing along through my brain. It appears to be going faster and faster, louder and louder. I feel as though it is going to run over me, yet all the time I try to hold on to normal things.

"It reminds me rather of the sensation of going under an anæsthetic, but not so pleasant. I feel I am slipping away from myself, although I am wide awake.

"You may think this a foolish and laughable problem, but it worries me. I cannot conquer the sensations, try as I will. If you can give me any help, I shall be most grateful."

I DO not feel the slightest inclination to laugh at this problem. It must be a horrible experience, probably connected with a forgotten something that occurred during infancy.

I advise the woman to tell her doctor.

He will not pooh-pooh her story or dismiss it with a bottle of physic. He will probably test her blood-pressure and give her a thorough overhaul to find out whether there is any organic trouble.

If she is "sound" physically, he will proceed to examine her mental and emotional make-up.

There must be a cause for these distressing sensations, and once it is discovered there is a chance of doing something to relieve them.

Devoting this page each week to helping "John Bull" readers with their personal problems, "Humanist" asks that you, too, should seek his advice if you are perplexed. He will not only try to help you privately, but also he will pay a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page. So write, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to "Humanist," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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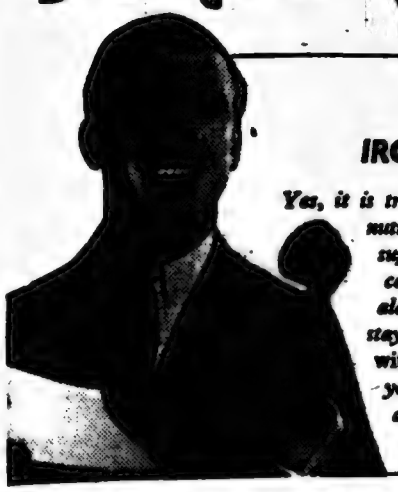

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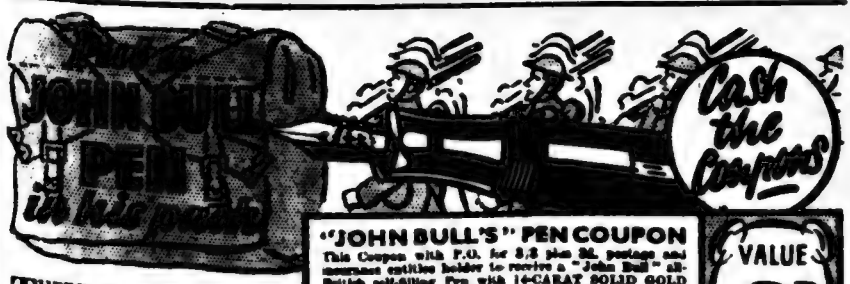
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29



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(Signed) Nurse.....

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(Signed)—L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

Of all Chemists. 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

ANGIERS Emulsion

READER P. ROSCOE, of Brighton, Sussex, wins this week's five guineas for a true war-time story

DOCTOR'S DELIRIUM

● *"You don't like what you see in my eyes, do you?" demanded the demented doctor angrily. "I know what you are thinking. I was reading your secret thoughts. Don't deny it."*

SUDDENLY I realised that the doctor who was looking into my eyes was mad. His behaviour had been faintly strange from the beginning. I put it down as a mild form of eccentricity, expressed in a rather pompous and long-winded style of speech and also in his dress

He wore a large dark-blue stock with a massive emerald tiepin. A monocle dangled from a gold chain.

Not quite the right get-up, I thought, for a medical man of high standing.

I was in his consulting-room through my having been offered an interesting war time job in a neutral country.

The work offered adventurous possibilities, and I was keen indeed to get it in spite of an inadequate salary.

But as I have a life-pension, compensation for terrible injuries received during front line services in the last war, I was warned that I could get that job only by producing a certificate from a clinic, specialising in the trouble from which I suffered, to prove that I was capable of undertaking the responsibilities of war work. I just had to have that certificate.

On arriving at the clinic I was told the specialist I had to see had been called away.

The word of his assistant would allow him to grant me that document.

WHEN I was shown into his consulting-room, the doctor stood behind his desk, apparently waiting to greet me.

"Good afternoon," said I, and received in reply a searching look that would have been frightening in anybody but a doctor.

Confused. I murmured something about the reason for my being there. But I still faced that awful stare. Not a word from the doctor.

The strain broke when the doctor abruptly sat down in his swivel chair, bent to a drawer low down on the right-hand side of the desk, and produced a queer shining tobacco pouch of what I thought was rubber.

He handed it to me, and only when I made as if to look inside it did he speak.

"It's the pouch I'm showing you," he said rather testily. "Not the tobacco. What do you think of it?"

It had a rather odd *feel*, being of a fineness of texture not usually seen in rubber. I told him so.

The doctor chuckled with devilish satisfaction.

"You'll never guess, you'll never guess!" he said, taking the pouch from me and holding it in both hands gloatingly. "It's skin.

"Yes, skin, taken from the breast of a black woman I operated on in the West Indies!"

As he said this he leaned forward to watch the effect of the announcement on me. Seeing my astonishment, he laughed heartily.

"She—she died on the table," he added. "An unusual—er—souvenir, eh?"

As far as his examination of me went, no doctor could have been more painstaking or correct in his procedure. He talked so casually and naturally that I found myself easily forgetting my earlier unpleasant impression of him.

Then I happened to mention a minor defect of the left eye which had caused my own medical adviser to doubt my ability to be passed as fit for adventure.

It was curious how promptly the specialist reacted to that topic. It seemed as though I had touched a vein of professional pride in him.

"Come over here," he said abruptly, "and look into *my* eyes!"

The slowness of my response appeared to irritate him. He came round to my side of the desk, thrust his face to within two inches of mine. "Now, look into my eyes," he said, almost threateningly. "Tell me, what do you see in them?"

I felt it would be impolitic to say what I did see. The pupils of his eyes seemed to be expanded abnormally and the whites were a dirty yellow. They were far from being healthy eyes.

"You don't like what you see in my eyes, do you?" he demanded, and gripped my wrist. "Don't deny it. I know what you are thinking! But when you were looking into my eyes I was reading your secret thoughts!"

This man was mad—and dangerous!

I have gone over the scene many times since, in my dreams as well as awake, yet I still cannot put together the jigsaw of happenings that followed.

My alarm must have been too obvious.

The mad doctor suddenly gripped my wrist and, standing with one arm upraised as though to stab me with an invisible knife, he cried, "Pray for your life—and mine!"

With terrible power he pressed me on to my knees, jabbing his knee in my back to keep me down.

"Go on—pray!" he shouted, and I could feel the electric energy of his madness filling the room. My efforts to get free were useless.

How I wanted to escape from that terrible grip, but through all the terror I could not help remembering that I must not leave without that certificate. **I must have that job.**

Still on my knees, I tried to flatter the madman, appealing to his vanity by saying that he would become one of the great men of medicine.

I jabbered on, sweating with fear, but no response. He still stood over me, grinning with a maniac's delight at my terror.

In my nightmare of terror I thought of a plan to get my certificate.

"Pray for your life!" he repeated harshly, and I started to pray. . . .

"Grant that I may undertake this new work," I shouted at the ceiling, "grant that I am given my certificate, and I promise that to show my gratitude I will bring back to my friend a pair of bedroom slippers to match his tobacco pouch. . . ." The grip on my arm relaxed.

"What did you say?" asked the doctor.

I QUICKLY invented a story. I had a friend abroad, a surgeon in a hospital to which many of the poorest people went to die, I said. If I could only get abroad. . .

The rest was easy. Instantly the certificate was brought from a drawer in the desk. The specialist was crazy with joy. He fussed about me in a frenzy.

When would I be back, when would I see my doctor friend? It was terrible, but somehow I managed to stow away that certificate and get out of his door.

He waved me farewell, shouting to me about hurrying back with his slippers as I ran as fast as I dare towards my freedom.

Shaking with terror, I remember dashing down another corridor and breathlessly telling my story to a man in white overalls.

He looked at me curiously, and I was so scared that he might think that I was off my head, that I ran out into the street, hailed the first passing taxi-cab, and jumped in without telling the driver where to go.

I have heard that the doctor was removed from his post a day or two later. He was given "extended leave," involving, I suspect, a certificate of a different kind from the one he granted to me.

Anyway, he will never get those slippers.

When I reached home, rather shakily, there was a telegram announcing that the proposed job had been cancelled.

● *Eager to reveal stories based on war time thrills and adventures, now being thrust into the most prosaic lives, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for each readers' true war time story published.*

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Cream the fat and sugar. Add egg, sifted flour, spice, salt and Borwick's. Add fruit and sufficient milk to form a stiff dough. Bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours.

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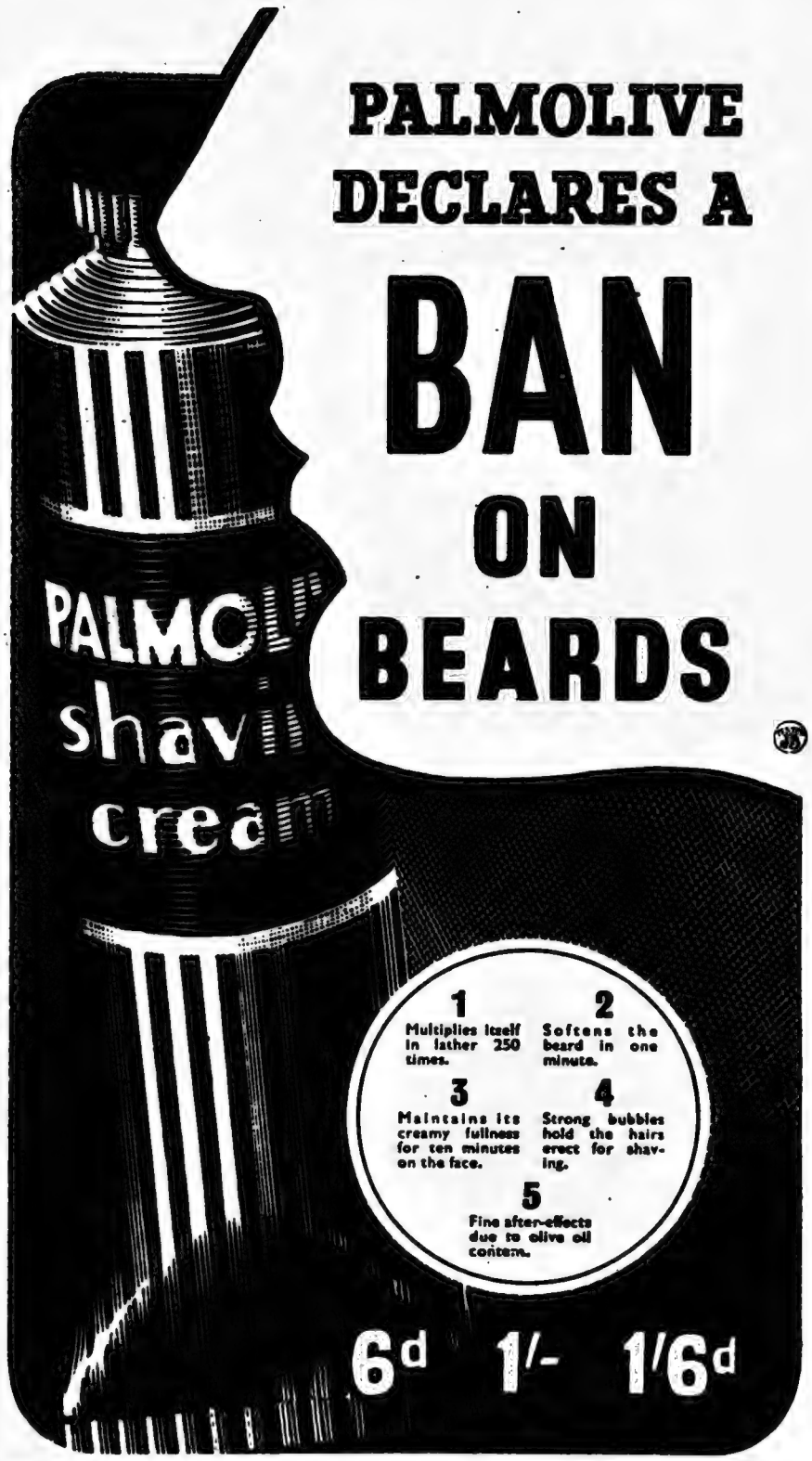

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Rough, red hands?

Snowfire Tablet

HEALS THEM BY MORNING

Among A. W. HELLIWELL'S Giants of the Ring there is an untamed savage, Battling Siki, whose grandfather danced naked to the throb of the tom-toms in the steamy jungle.

The Ring became a Jungle...

NOT since the winter's night, fourteen years ago, when a New York policeman tripped over the body of Louis Phall, lying face down in the gutter with a knife handle protruding between the shoulder blades, has boxing seen the equal of the black ogre who terrorised Paris with his crazy antics.

Perhaps you will remember Louis Phall better as Battling Siki, the woolly pated jungle fighter, who cut Carpentier, the "Orchidman," to pieces when he won the light heavy-weight championship of the world from him in September, 1922.

Siki was jungle born.

His grandfather had danced naked to the throbbing beat of war tom-toms in the steamy heat of a West African swamp. His ancestors had fought with spears in a land where only the fittest survived.

Leaving the jungle behind to wash dishes in a white man's hotel, Siki still remained a savage, untamed and terrible in his ferocity when the primeval urge ran hot in his veins.

AT the height of his fame he paraded the boulevards of Paris, glittering like a jeweller's window, with a pair of lions on a leash.

He never acquired anything but the thinnest veneer of civilisation, under which the animal instincts of the jungle man were always smouldering ready to burst into flame.

When he fought Carpentier the debonair, Siki was more than half animal.

The six sensational rounds in which he ripped and mauled the handsome Frenchman into an unrecognisable caricature will never be forgotten.

Poor Georges, half blind and bleeding as though he had been run over by an automobile, was carried from the ring.

He broke down and cried like a child in the dressing-room.

"This Siki is terrible," he said. "He is a monster."

Never did Carpentier make a bigger mistake than in under-estimating the gorilla-like Senegalese.

It was understandable: the invincible Georges master of the finest fighters in Europe, matched against an ugly negro, an illiterate savage who knew nothing of the science of boxing.

Although those who knew how dangerous Siki was warned Georges, he laughed at their fears.

In this almost contemptuously indifferent mood he stepped into the ring to meet the jungle fighter.

Never before have two such different men faced each other in the roped square.

In one corner was the immaculate idol of the boulevards, his oily, sleek hair brushed to mirror-brightness, smiling and bowing to acknowledge the cheers that greeted his entry.

In the other was Siki, so ugly that women at the ringside shuddered as they gazed on his repulsive features, his blubber lips and tiny sunken eyes, glittering evilly beneath the jutting brows.

ON his toes like a ballet dancer, Georges led lightly with his left.

Tap-tap-tap went that left glove, and then his right hook, the terrible punch that put the best fighters in Europe on the canvas, flashed out.

Siki went down like a pole-axed bull.

Leaning on the ropes Carpentier watched smilingly as the dazed negro shook his pear-shaped head, trying to clear the mists of unconsciousness threatening to engulf him.

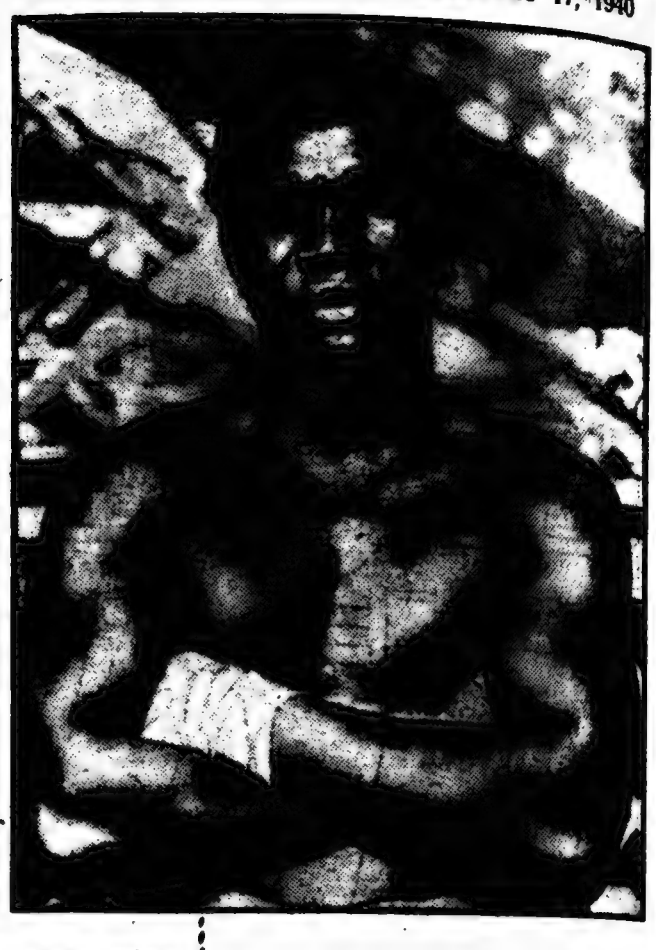
Georges had the air of a man who could end the fight when he wished.

Siki climbed to his feet after a count of six, and for the rest of the round Carpentier merely toyed with him, as though he wanted to give the customers some entertainment for their money.

In the next round he flashed over another hard right that dropped the jungle man like a log. Yet from that dramatic moment the fight changed from a boxing match to something that resembled licensed slaughter.

For in the nine seconds that he lay sprawled on the ring floor something snapped in Siki's dark mind. When he got to his feet, his face was contorted in a hideous mask of hate.

A gasp of horror swept through the packed stadium as the crowd sensed the terrible change in Siki. He leapt on Carpentier like a tiger, sweeping aside the Frenchman's blows as his fists hammered viciously.



Battling Siki was jungle born. Strong as a bull, lithe and fierce as a panther, he remained an untamed savage, terrible in his ferocity when roused to primeval anger

Siki was half-crazed.

His white teeth gleamed in a terrifying snarl and a little froth of foam appeared upon his lips.

Bravely Carpentier tried to hold him off, but Siki paid no more attention to his hardest punches than if they had been flies settling on him.

Nothing could have stopped him.

With woolly skull lowered like a bull, he charged the white man again. His fists ripped and slashed horrible blows at his face and body.

There was no science, skill or timing in those blows. Yet the brute force behind them was murderous

They smashed into the Frenchman's face until it ran with blood and the crowd yelled to the referee to stop the slaughter.

Carpentier accepted one of the most fearful thrashings a fighter has ever taken with amazing courage.

He was in the ring with a maniac, a snarling jungle savage who had lost his reason and wanted only to batter the white man into unconsciousness.

With the tireless strength with which his ancestors fought their tribal wars, Siki maintained his attack.

Between rounds he fidgeted restlessly in his corner, impatient at the delay, eager to get back to pounding and hammering his fists into his opponent's battered features.

By the sixth round he had cut Carpentier to ribbons.

He could do little more than reel drunkenly before Siki's savage onslaught, and as the negro shot another smashing left to his face there was a wild scramble.

Half blind and soaked with blood Georges went down with his leg entangled in the ropes.

IN the uproar that followed, the referee announced that he had disqualified Siki for throwing Carpentier, but he had made a mistake.

Under French rules, it was impossible for a referee to give a decision without first consulting the judges, and a few minutes later the President of the French Boxing Federation climbed into the ring to announce that the fight was awarded to Siki.

From that time Siki, drunk with success, went steadily downhill.

He paraded Paris with his pet lions, and created an occasional diversion by letting off a revolver in some saloon or dance-hall.

After that the Jungle Fighter went to the United States. But he was finished as a fighter, and the only chance he had of using those terrible fists was in occasional street brawls in the slums of New York.

He was found murdered in Hell's Kitchen, one of the toughest quarters of New York.

The murderer was never discovered, but the man in whose back he plunged a knife will always be remembered, if only for those six terrible rounds in Paris when he brought the spirit of the jungle into the boxing ring!

10 drops act in 15 minutes

If you're merely pecking at your food, not caring whether you eat or not, take ten drops (or two tablets) of Phosferine a quarter of an hour before your next meal and see what a difference there is. There's nothing like Phosferine for bracing you up when you feel run down, and generally out of sorts.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists. TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

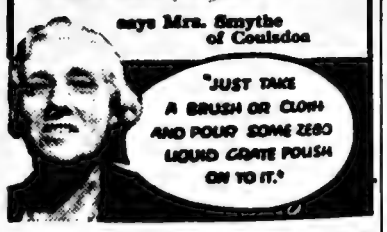
—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

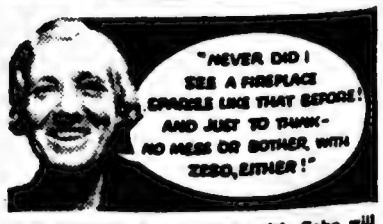
WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

"Here's the quickest way to

CLEAN GRATES!"

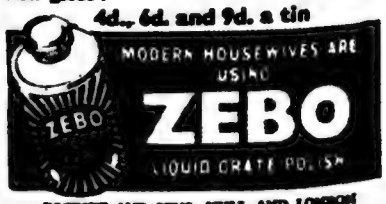
says Mrs. Smythe of Coulsdon





AN occasional rub over with Zebo will keep your grates shining all the week round. And Zebo is *economical*—you'll be surprised to find how long a tin will last. That's because the Zebo cap prevents it from drying up—you can use it to the last drop. Why not get a tin of Zebo from your dealer today? Give your own grates a rich, new gloss!

4d., 6d. and 9d. a tin



RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON

MANSION THE ANTISEPTIC WAX POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

Tins 3d., 6d., and larger sizes

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4

MP/MF/3

WE DON'T CLAIM A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM—

but we've had some wonderful results

IF we said we could cure every case of rheumatism we'd be making a claim that any doctor would refute instantly. Every rheumatic person has his own type of this affliction. The rheumatism *you've* got is different from other people's. So we tell you quite frankly that we won't promise you a definite cure. What we will promise you, in nine cases out of ten, is *relief*—with a chance of being cured at the end of it.

We say this in spite of the hundreds of testimonials we've got from people who tell us they have actually been cured, because we'd rather have you pleasantly surprised with the results you do achieve.

As you know yourself, rheumatism is caused by poisons that have got into your blood and left a deposit in your joints and muscles. The first thing to do is to sweep out these deposits from the spots where they lurk, and this is what a daily pinch of Kruschen sets out to do. Start taking a little Kruschen every day—start to-morrow. Don't expect startling results at first (although you may get them), but keep it up, persevere. It took you years to get rheumatism, and you won't get rid of it in a day. But you'll be doing your darned old rheumatism the worst turn you ever did it the day you start Kruschen. Take it in at least half a tumblerful of water. A bottle of Kruschen costs you only 1/9 from all Chemists. *There are also 6d. & 1/- sizes*

Leg Trouble for 16 years

A Confirmed Cripple

16 years of agony! 16 years of horrible discharging! 16 years of awful skin torture "miraculously" ended by Holloways Ointment! Every skin sufferer must read and take heart at this wonderful tribute. "I suffered with a bad leg for 16 years and tried everything for it. I was turned out of hospital incurable—a confirmed cripple. I was advised to try Holloways Ointment and the trouble was completely healed."

Here is another amazing letter :—

Skin Came Off in Large Patches

"My wife was very much afflicted with eczema about the body, and had four large holes in one leg. The skin came off in large patches every day, and the itching was terrible. No relief could be procured. I persuaded her to try Holloways Ointment. In less than a week she was enabled to put her feet to the ground, and before a month expired could wear her shoes and go about as if nothing had been the matter. All our friends consider it marvellous!"

Here is yet another tribute :—

Nasty Sores on Hands And Arm

"I had some very nasty sores on my hands and arm, after a few days the trouble began to spread. A friend, however, recommended me to try Holloways Ointment, which I did, and now I am pleased to tell you I am free of every sore spot and the trouble is healed."

Don't run the risk of neglecting your skin trouble—"hoping it won't spread." Hope won't clear it up—only HEALING will do that . . . instant, soothing, cleansing HOLLOWAY Healing! Holloways Ointment has been famous for over 100 years for SORES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HÆMORRHOIDS, LEG TROUBLES, etc. It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and heals.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT
is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-.

Send him a 'Ten Bob' Parcel!

CIGARETTES & TOBACCO for H. M. FORCES in FRANCE

DUTY FREE

(Prices also apply to certain ships of H.M. Navy.)

Even if he's missing home comforts, see that he doesn't miss his favourite smoke. Maybe it's a cigarette, maybe it's his pipe; or perhaps he enjoys both.

Then send him one of these 10/- parcels—STANDARD BRANDS—— brands he knows — and you know.

370 CIGARETTES Wills' Gold Flake or Player's Navy Cut Medium or Capstan Navy Cut Medium **10/-**

550 CIGARETTES Wild Woodbines or Player's "Weights" **10/-**

1 lb. Player's Navy Cut Tobacco and **100** Waverley Cigarettes **10/-**

1 lb. St. Bruno Tobacco and **240** Wild Woodbine Cigarettes **10/-**

½ lb. Wills' Cut Golden Bar Tobacco and **240** Capstan Navy Cut Cigarettes **10/-**

Through all high-class Tobacconists

Send for List of Parcels, 3/- and upwards

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO Co LTD
FIELD FORCE DEPT.
Dean Stanley Street, London, S.W.1

Remittance in full must accompany all orders.

THIS WINTER'S COUGHS *twice as* are dangerous

EVEN in ordinary times, a winter such as this (the most severe for many years) would cause a dangerous epidemic of coughs and colds. But this year we have the additional factor of war strain, which has made the epidemic twice as dangerous by lowering everyone's vitality even more than usual, and so making it easy for colds and coughs to develop into Bronchitis and other serious chest complaints.

Don't Risk Complications

If you have caught a cough or cold, deal with it at once. Otherwise you are risking dangerous complications. At the first signs of trouble, take Famel Syrup—the cough syrup with the most powerful bronchial antiseptic known—soluble Lacto-Creosote. This Lacto-Creosote enters the bloodstream and destroys the germs which cause all the trouble. At the same time, its balsams soothe the inflamed passages and its valuable tonics restore and refortify the system.

Famel (brand) Syrup is used by Doctors, Hospitals and Sanitoria all over the world. It is so effective that it clears up *longstanding* coughs and catarrh. It will bring you welcome, immediate relief, and will protect your lungs against further attacks.

Thousands praise Famel Syrup for its quick action. It has given them freedom from suffering when they expected to face days of misery. It will do the same for you. Start taking Famel Syrup to-day and you'll be fit again in next to no time.

Ease from the first dose

"I have been a sufferer from Bronchitis for years and I am sure I have tried every known remedy. Nothing did me good until I tried Famel Syrup. I got ease from the very first dose. I am now getting an undisturbed night's rest, which I can assure you means something to me, for I used to dread night coming." J. E.

At all chemists, 1/6 and 3/- (Triple quantity)

FAMEL (BRAND) **SYRUP**

Conquers Coughs

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

HUSH-HUSH WAR on WRECKERS

SABOTAGE IS THE CHIEF DREAD OF EVERY WAR FACTORY, AND THE WORKERS THEMSELVES—MEN AND WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS—PLAY THE FOREMOST PART IN KEEPING AN EYE ON THEIR COLLEAGUES.

EVERY "shop" of each of Britain's key aircraft factories contains a member of the firm's Vigilance Committee. The girl in dungarees, sewing delicate fabric on to a machine, may be the department's detective, unknown to her colleagues.

Maybe it's the welder who is the eye of the workers' Vigilance Committee in the next department.

No part of the factory is without these unsuspected watchers, who are known only to the highest officials.

For twenty-four hours of the day these workers of the Vigilance Committee are the eyes and ears of the workshops, the factory's first line of defence against sabotage.

They volunteer for this "hush-hush" part of their work, which has the full approval of their trade union.

SHORTLY before the war there was an epidemic of sabotage in rearmament works and at the dockyards.

A sabotage gang was at large, backed by foreign money and under orders from abroad. The master mind behind it in this country was Percy Eded Glading, jailed for six years after trial in the Woolwich Arsenal Secrets Case.

His job was to organise wrecker "cells" in factories and dockyards.

He commanded two kinds of wreckers—agitators who moved from factory to factory attempting to cause unrest and disloyalty among British workers, and skilled aliens who sought employment in the works with the object of sabotage.

A list of such acts was officially admitted.

Petrol tanks in aeroplanes were pierced, electric wires were cut, iron filings were discovered in engines.

A pin was found in the fire control cable of a battleship, a needle in the electric cable of a cruiser, bolts and wire in the main motor of a submarine.

DISAFFECTED workers were discharged.

There was a danger that their conduct might reflect on the loyalty of others. Trade unions joined hands with the managements and the Intelligence Services, and workers' Vigilance Committees were created.

The foreign gang had bungled, giving us a good start in tightening up the campaign against sabotage well before the war started.

Workers' Vigilance Committees are augmented in every important key factory and dockyard by Secret Service men, who usually are trained mechanics or know sufficient about the job to play their dual part without arousing suspicion.

The speed-up in armament production, growing every week by leaps and bounds, has added immensely to the task of sabotage fighters.

New workers, men and women, are flocking into workshops in their thousands, and it is not easy to investigate the record of every recruit. Before being taken on for a key job everyone is submitted to a close scrutiny, and any doubtful applicant is referred to the Intelligence department.

There is a check on every person who enters or leaves the factory gates. Vans arriving with material unload outside, unless there is good reason why they should be admitted.

Even messenger boys are carefully watched.

Silence and Vigilance are the watchwords of every Man and Woman Behind the Guns. Some of the older workers know the Official Secrets Act as it affects them almost by heart.

Recruits are acquainted with the stringent provisions.

It takes fourteen days for the visitor to get through the electrically controlled gates of any of Britain's key aircraft factories, if he is not an official or a Government Inspector.

In these fourteen days, Air Ministry Intelligence will have "vetted" his credentials thoroughly. He must be British "born and bred," and his "references" must be above suspicion.

No amount of wire-pulling, other things being against him, could have levered him through these factory gates to the curious guards who stand between him and the entrance to the factory itself.

Eventually he is allowed to show the Air Ministry pass, and a trusted guide is detailed to take him round.

Even so he will not be allowed to cast eye on the experimental department. No one enters it except the factory's directors, special designers and Government officials.

IT is the holy of holies of every key armament factory, whether it is making fighters or bombers, guns or gunpowder, tanks or shells, bombs or bullets, scientific instruments or any of the other secret paraphernalia of battle.

But every department is fair game to the saboteur, who wants to see tails, wings, fuselage, engines going through scores of secret and precise processes before they finally become the finished article.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Race with "Silver Ring"

SHORTLY after the Lincolnshire Handicap was instituted in 1853, fifteen years after the establishment of the Grand National, this "Spring Double" became a popular medium of ante-post wagering.

Time after time, accomplished trainers who had charge of flat racers and jumpers tried to win both races, but so far nobody has been successful.

George Poole, of Lewes, came within an ace of landing the double nineteen years ago, when his filly, Senhora, was second in the "Lincoln" to the supposed cripple, Soranus.

Two days later, he sent out Shaun Spadah to win the Grand National.

This year three trainers may have a shot at the double. They are the brothers Ivor, Owen and Jack Anthony. Ivor, who has won two "Nationals" already with Kellsboro Jack and Royal Mail, has three horses in the coming Aintree race, Royal Mail, The Uplifter and Milano. His "Lincoln" entry is the well-fancied Quartier Maitre.

Owen Anthony won the "National" with Music Hall. In the coming race he has Kilstar and John Chinaman, while his "Lincoln" representative is Wonersh. These three horses are owned by Miss Dorothy Paget.

Jack Anthony rode three Grand National winners, but has not found it easy to train one. He has charge of Knightsbrook and National Night, and he has the useful Time Step in the "Lincoln." All are owned by Mr. J. H. Whitney, the American sportsman, and cousin of Miss Paget.

If one of the brothers is to set up a "Spring Double" record, it is most likely to be Ivor with Quartier Maitre at Lincoln and Royal Mail or The Uplifter at Liverpool.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 15, to Wednesday, February 21.

94 P U X Z T 98 O F A Q 93 C M R B
D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J E I 95

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

96ZUEVYA would read OLYMPUS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse, the figure 2 is substituted. IS98M2 would read RANEE.

Pool Notes by "Poolex"

THE three-draws-pool on the "Unity" coupon has been paying consistently high dividends. On average, there has been a return of nearly 500 to 1 for correctly choosing three drawn games since pools restarted. An attractive return, but not too easy to come by.

Draws are scarce now; hence the big rewards for finding them.

In pre-war pools nearly every punter had his pet method for picking out the "x's." Now is the time to try out such ideas if they can be adapted to the war time programmes.

If you can produce a selection method giving you an average of one draw correct in every five selections, then you are betting with the odds in your favour and should show a profit.

Because of the big "divvies" to be won in the draws pool, I feel justified in recommending some somewhat larger entries than I usually give. Here are some ideas for permutations. If they cost more than you usually spend, don't be tempted to try them alone. Arrange to share the cost with one or two friends.

So that you can see exactly what your prospects are, I have worked out the chances of a win, on the assumption that you are using a selection method averaging 20 per cent. correct.

The table you use depends on the number of matches indicated by your selection method.

For ten-draw selections. (Winning chance 1 in 10.)

x	x	x	x	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
x	—	—	—	x	x	x	—	—	—	—	—
x	x	—	—	x	—	—	x	—	—	—	—
—	—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x	x	—	—
—	—	—	x	x	—	—	—	x	x	—	—
—	—	x	—	—	—	x	x	—	—	x	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	x	x	x
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	x	—	x	x
—	x	—	x	—	x	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	x	x	—	—	—	x

For nine-draw selections. (Winning chance 1 in 11.)

x	—	—	x	x	x	—	—	—	—	—	—
x	—	—	—	—	—	x	x	x	—	—	—
x	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	x	x	x
—	x	—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x	—	—
—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x	—
—	x	—	—	—	x	—	—	x	—	—	x
—	—	x	x	—	—	—	—	x	—	x	—
—	—	x	—	—	x	—	x	—	x	—	—
—	—	x	—	x	—	x	—	—	—	—	x

For seven-draw selections. (Winning chance 1 in 13.)

x	x	x	x	x	x	—	—	—	—	—	—
x	x	—	—	—	—	x	x	x	—	—	—
x	—	x	—	—	—	x	—	—	x	x	—
—	—	—	x	x	—	—	x	—	x	—	x
—	x	x	—	—	—	—	—	x	x	—	x
—	—	—	x	—	x	—	x	x	—	x	—
—	—	—	—	x	x	x	—	—	—	x	x

. . . MEN OF COOL COURAGE

. . FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Men, who themselves are expected to be consistently cool, demand consistent coolness from their tobacco —that's why men of action insist upon Bondman's satisfying restfulness.

LLOYDS'

Bondman TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/2½d per oz. Vacuum Tins
ALSO 1/- PACKETS
EMPIRE BLEND . . . . 1/1 per oz. Vacuum Tins

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

meet

MRS.—or—or . .

WELL, Mrs. Who? What *is* her name? That's just what you want to know. Then you'll know her again. That's the way friendship and good faith are formed.

And it's just the same when you go to buy something. In the grocer's shop; in the ironmonger's stores; at the chemists; whatever you want you instinctively ask for by *name*.

The good manufacturer sends his article forth into the world *branded*. It reassures you. You can go into any shop anywhere and ask for his branded product—sure that it will be good, sure that it will be value, sure that it will be sold at a fair price.

That habit of yours of asking for things by name is a healthy one. Never, never lose it. For it's keeping the best at the top—and the rest where it belongs.

ASK BY NAME FOR BRANDED GOODS

Issued by The Advertising Association

Why Suffer from PILES?

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant bleeding? If so, be sure and give Zam-Buk a trial. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases of piles, often when an operation seemed the only means of escape.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

For INWARD PILES

Zam-Buk

Brand OINTMENT

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk.

Is Ready To SOOTHE & HEAL

Oh, My Poor Legs!

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto',—the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto',—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous free sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal healthy circulation; *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process 'Elasto' dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling 'Elasto' has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. 'Elasto' will save you pounds!

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"
"*'Elasto' put new life into me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto'.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*'Elasto' has cured my bad legs.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*I feel 10 years younger.*"
"*It put me on my feet.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*'Elasto' tones up the system and cures depression.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*The free sample gave me instant relief.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of 'Elasto' for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: 'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.*

'Elasto' is obtainable from Chemists everywhere.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of 'Elasto'* ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how 'Elasto', *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please print in capital letters.)

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 17240. .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Voice of the People

- War Office Probing Protest
- Such Difficult Tradesmen
- Reader's Poster Offer

BEFORE the war my husband was earning £16 a week. It justified our buying goods by hire purchase. Now that he has enlisted and we have asked for a supplementary allowance, an Unemployment Assistance Board official has called.

According to War Office instructions he had to demand not only the minutest details of all hire purchase agreements, but also the price of each article, even though the greater part of what we had contracted to pay had been paid.

A statement from a reputable house furnisher is not enough, according to the War Office.

This probing might cause distress in thousands of poorer homes than mine, and the War Office should take care not to obliterate the pride a woman has in being a soldier's wife with the humiliation of being a soldier's dependant.—J. V. R. Barr, Muswell Hill, N. 10.

Rude Tradesmen

JUST as soon as we are dependent on one tradesman for supplies, he drops his mask of servility and becomes rude. It was the same in the last war.

This "take it or leave it" attitude should be remembered when things are normal again and our favours are "respectfully solicited."—Bernard Heath, Windermere-road, Streatham.

Tradesmen should never be servile, yet shouldn't be rude. Although the war has made their work twice as difficult, few of them are Anyhow, rather a brusque grocer than one who shows favour in war time to the people lucky enough to be able to spend most.

Tears from the C.M.S.

A COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR was invalided out, recently, after thirty years' service. The lads contributed their pennies and bought him a watch, suitably inscribed, with a chain

The Regimental Sergeant-Major hummed and ha'd. He didn't know, he said. He wasn't sure it was proper. There was an Army Regulation against men making gifts to superior officers.

He felt there was no circumstance justifying an exception.

Then he saw the disappointment that swept through the unit, and that became the special circumstance.

The Company Sergeant-Major couldn't keep his tears back as he thanked the soldiers of the new generation for their kindness.—M. I. Ews, Dovercourt, Essex.

Forgotten Cornwall

THE Minister of Agriculture tells us that there is plenty of food for our cattle and poultry, yet cattle are being killed off in Cornwall because there isn't food for them.

Poultry farmers are destroying their poultry.

If the Minister thinks there is "plenty for all," he must have forgotten Cornwall.—Y. M. F., Truro.

"And he's forgotten East Anglia," says a farmer to whom we showed the letter. He has reduced his livestock by half.

Last War Posters

I WAS interested to read in JOHN BULL about a poster of the Great War still displayed on a tenement building.

During the last war I collected 150 different war posters, dealing with recruiting, land girls, W.A.A.C.s, war savings, warnings to deserters, billeting, Red Cross, and Hun Kulture.

I am willing to dispose of any, or all of them, the proceeds to go to JOHN BULL for its "Greatest of These" War Sufferers' Fund.—A. Cruse, ex-Navy, 34, Hengrove Lane, Knowle, Bristol, 4.

Thanks, reader Cruse, for your fine offer. What are we bid?

Ill-Treating Police

AS a policeman, I can't help wondering why the Home Office doesn't insist on some uniformity in the treatment of policemen called up as reservists.

Some standing joint committees are allowing men £250 a year. In other instances men have gone weeks without pay, either from the Army or the police authorities, even though their families have been in need.

Some dependants have even been turned out of police-rented houses. These men all did the same police job. They are all doing the same soldiering job now. Why this incredible difference in treatment?—R. T., Yorks.

Functioning only in the black-out, these novel traffic signals, the first of their kind in the country, were photographed by reader Wynn Stone, of Bristol, who explains "they have red and green lights, covered with war-time shields, but there is no amber.

"They control the busy traffic outside Temple Meads station here," he continues, "and they have been so successful that they may be followed by other such signals.

"They are far more satisfactory than the indefinite signals given by policemen holding hand torches at London's big crossings," he adds proudly.

In Your Garden - - - By Richard Sudell

HOTBED VEGETABLES

MOST vegetables have suffered through the frosts, and as there is a likelihood of a temporary shortage, amateur gardeners are wondering what they can do to bring greens to maturity quickly.

First, they must examine the heads of Spring cabbages. If only the outer leaves of many plants are killed draw a little fresh soil round the stems and give the plants a little mulch of manure or a light dressing of sulphate of ammonia.

Many will mature, but those that have perished must be replaced by new seedlings, obtainable in a local nursery. It is not too late to sow seeds.

Seeds for such early maturing varieties of cabbage as Velocity can be sown in a cold frame or under a few cloches.

A small hotbed of about a foot depth of fresh strawy manure or dried leaves under the seed bed will give a little bottom heat and force growth.

Transplant seedlings when they are large enough to handle into a prepared seed bed, protected by a frame or cloches. Seedlings should not be coddled.

CAULIFLOWERS can be grown and transplanted like cabbages, but be sure to buy an early variety. They are more tender than other members of the cabbage family, and frames in which they are grown should be covered over on frosty nights with mats or sacking.

Shorthorn carrot is another worthwhile crop to sow early.

Seeds can be sown thinly in the frame among the cabbage and cauliflower seedlings, and the carrots will be left to mature when the others are transplanted into the garden.

Sow a few lettuce in a small box or bed for transplanting out later. The cabbage type of lettuce are best for early crops.

Radishes are quick maturing and would be ready for gathering in three or four weeks if sown on a small hotbed.

IN a sheltered part of the garden a few early peas might be sown. Use a dwarf variety such as Dwarf Defiance or Kelvedon Wonder.

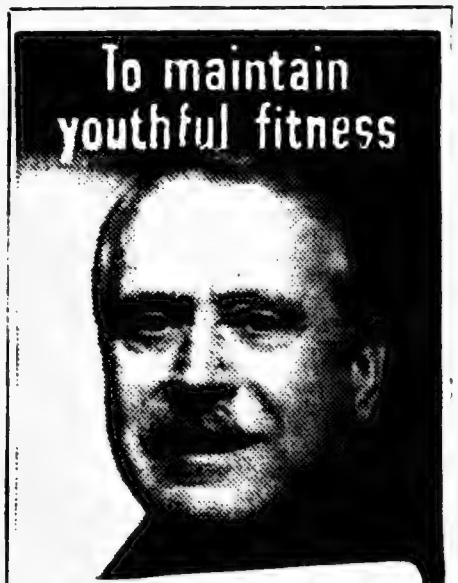
After sowing, push in a few bushy twigs along each side of the row as a protection from wind and birds.

Should birds be troublesome, thread a little black cotton between the twigs. To prevent mice scratching them out, soak seeds in water overnight, dry them between two sheets of newspaper, and sprinkle with a few spots of paraffin and a teaspoonful of red lead.

This poisons the seeds and makes them uneatable.

A few Long Pod broad beans are a good early crop.

They need a rich soil. Set seeds in a twin row six inches apart each way, two or three inches deep, and be sure with both beans and peas to dust the land with lime before sowing.



Men in their Prime take Beechams Pills

Keep cheerful, energetic and clear-headed. Remember the Golden Rule of Health: a timely dose of Beechams Pills. They are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. They prevent constipation, liverishness, digestive upsets and overweight. Beechams Pills are sold everywhere. Get some today.

Worth a Guinea a Box

LAZY KIDNEYS CAUSE Backache Rheumatic Pain Urinary Troubles

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strain are caused by sluggish or congested kidneys. Frequent or scanty urine with smarting and burning also indicates that the kidneys and bladder are at fault.

BECOME healthy and vigorous again by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This up-to-date kidney medicine does not merely relieve the pain. It strengthens, invigorates, and flushes out the kidneys so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes purify your blood. Only a remedy which achieves this can give you permanent relief. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, puffy swellings, urinary and bladder troubles, disturbed sleep, and other kidney ailments.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Which Is Your LUCKY SHADE of Face Powder

9 out of 10 women use the wrong shade of face powder

The wrong shade of powder gives you a horrid, hard "made-up" look — makes you appear years older. The only way to find *your* right shade is to try one colour on one side of your face and one on the other. Make this test to-day with the new exciting shades of Poudre Tokalon. These new "skin-tone" shades are blended by the aid of a new machine — the "Chromascope". Like a magic eye it selects colours with unfailing accuracy. No more powdered "made-up" look. Powder which *matches* the skin so perfectly it seems to become part of it. Poudre Tokalon is blended by a patent process with "Mousse of Cream." This makes it stay on all day even in wind and rain. Try Poudre Tokalon to-day. See what an amazing improvement it makes in your complexion.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of latest Paris shades so that she may try them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 2220), Clare Road, London, N.W.10.

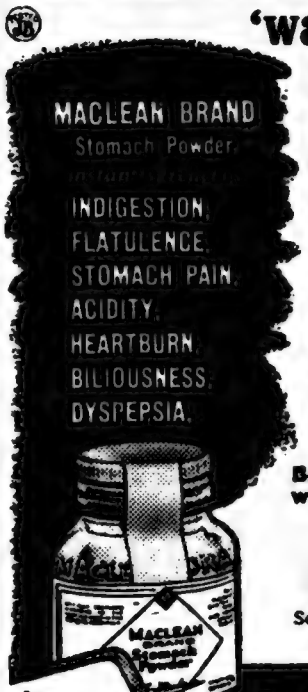
If you have INDIGESTION

NORMALISE YOUR STOMACH ACID

Nearly every attack of Indigestion arises from the same cause—a temporary up-surge of stomach acid far in excess of Nature's normal supply.

This "excess-acid," as it is so often called, comes about in many ways—irregular meals, rushed eating, excessive smoking or drinking, etc. Anxiety will cause it, too. Your first step towards getting rid of your pain and discomfort must be to normalise your stomach acid.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder 'walks through' stomach acid



The quickest way to restore your stomach acid to Nature's safe level is to take a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, a scientific combination of Magnesium and Calcium Carb., Soda Bicarb. and Bismuth Carbonate. These alkaline ingredients "walk through" Stomach Acid. Your pain disappears. The stomach is healthily cleansed and digestion goes merrily on.

Instant Relief

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder was invented to provide instant relief from Stomach Pain. There is no reason why you should endure Indigestion for another minute with this powder so readily at hand to bring you quick relief.

Be sure to ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder which is only genuine with the signature

Alex. C. Maclean on carton, bottle or tin

Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets. Pocket Tins of Tablets 6d. and 9d. Slide-top Tin 1/3.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

POWDER OR TABLETS

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

FOR FRAYED NERVES EXHAUSTION AND HEADACHES

Always Remember Phensic

THE QUICK TONIC PICK-ME-UP
–2 Tablets of Phensic

At the first sign of strain or pain take two tablets of Phensic. In Phensic there is magic relief from nerve and muscular pain. Relief which is SAFE and CERTAIN, which strengthens and refreshes you both mentally and physically. Phensic cannot harm the heart—and it will ensure a good night's rest. Obtainable everywhere: 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

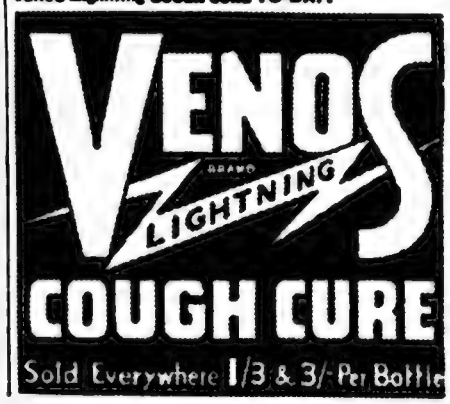
THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

Why is VENOS Called the *Lightning* COUGH CURE?

WHY? Because the first dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE brings relief! Because it stops that constant *cough* ... Cough ... COUGH! Because it restores sleep, allays soreness, *protects your chest*. In fact —Because it

STOPS COUGHS *QUICKLY!*

A cough to-day may be a cause of widespread suffering tomorrow. Dangerous germs which, if unchecked may gain a hold upon your chest and lungs, are ALREADY AT WORK! That is why you must take VENOS—the *Lightning* COUGH CURE! VENOS action starts with the swallowing of the first spoonful. The development of the Dangerous Germs is arrested. Inflammation is allayed, and your chest and lungs restored to STRENGTH. VENOS is the FAMILY REMEDY for all COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CHILDREN'S COUGHS, etc. Start taking VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE TO-DAY!



CLEAN OUT CATARRH

BANISH AWFUL STUFFINESS. TAKE A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Get Catarrh? Then make this your lucky day! Nose blocked up with mucus so that you can hardly breathe? You can be a new person to-morrow! Smear NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside each nostril. It reaches stuffed-up nasal passages in no time! "NOSTROLINE" acts instantly. Clears head. Soothes soreness. Kills germs. Lubricates, heals. Over 16,000 British doctors endorse "NOSTROLINE." For Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu. "NOSTROLINE" all Chemists, 1s. 3d.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.86, Bristol, 8.

The ALADDIN'S LAMP of TONICS

Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man or woman of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—Shadforth's Tonic No. 632, known as "Blue Lion Fez Nuts"—it prevents faintness, tremblings, run-down condition and stops your falling-to-pieces feeling! Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Trial Size, 1/-; other sizes, 1/9, 2/6 and 4/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.89), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Lend to Defend the Right to be Free!

Make your contribution to help the Country win the War by buying National Savings Certificates ..... See page 23.

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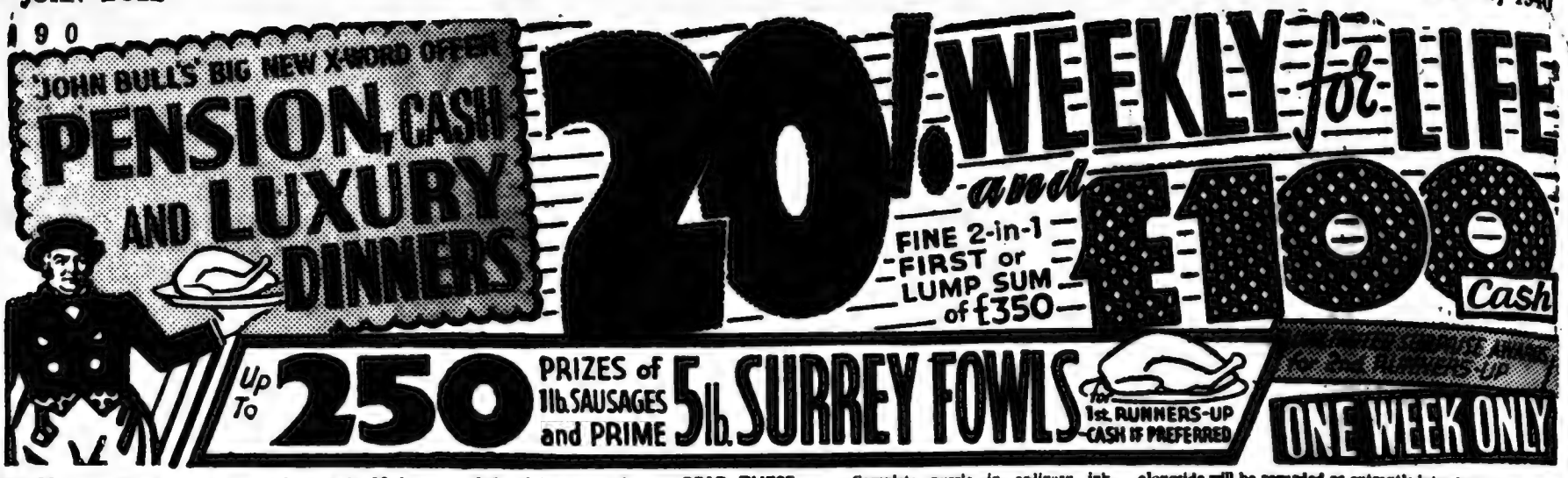

BY spending an entertaining half-hour with this week's Puzzle, *you* may well follow last week's outright winner and capture £100 cash plus a 20s. Weekly Life Income!

As an added incentive in these days of food rationing, *John Bull* offers up to 250 new Runners-up Prizes of a Plump Surrey Fowl and Sausages. Go in—and win!

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Very broad one would make some people feel uncomfortable
2. Careful boxer isn't likely to do this when boxing
4. Not many
5. Given proper measuring instruments, you could soon check length of this
8. True friend might not mind standing this for a pal in great trouble
13. It's unwise to do this when you feel worn out with fatigue
15. If you try to make one from copper it will probably prove costly
18. Organ of smell
19. Gleam of light through the dark clouds may make one
20. Average staff will soon get fed up with man in charge if he's always this

DOWN CLUES.

1. One is likely to give sensitive people a bit of a shock
2. Observe
3. It takes an expert to make a really good one
4. Confidence trickster is commonly glad to be able to do one
6. Good one will most likely make task of defence much easier
7. Old wind-jammer may sometimes be a really fine one
9. Man who works in training stable will probably get this from horse's mouth quite frequently
10. One can sometimes just make this out as destroyer speeds along, miles out at sea
11. Stage costume maker may possibly find this awkward
12. In some country places they get a lot of this in autumn
14. Racing driver's competitors may well be all these
16. Domestic fowls
17. Door to door salesman will probably be handicapped if he lacks this

WIN £200 AND A RADIOGRAM FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Big Cash and Radiogram Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 39.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 190th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, March 7. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

9 Big Cheques Won in X-Word No. 187

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 187, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious data of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following nine competitors:—

SGT. W. BAKER, A.T.S. (Boys), Fort Darland, Chatham, Kent.
F. BLACKWELL, 16, West Gardens, Ewell, Surrey.
R. C. CARTER, 157, Marton Road, Middlesbrough, Yorks.
J. H. CHAMBERLAIN, The Dutchs, Loxham Road, Rettingdean.
R. A. CHARLWOOD, West Road, Bransgore, Christchurch, Hants.
T. MERCER, Elgesteid Road, Lossbend.
P. SUMNERS, 842, Greenhead Road, Greenhead, Holbs.
A. TOMPKINS, 223, Bath Street, Glasgow.
R. W. WILLIAMS, 7, Colehill Street, Flint, N. Wales.

These competitors share the First Prize of £425, and a cheque for £47 6s. 8d. will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 73 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 7s. 10d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 463 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. BEST. 2. LUMP. 5. ART. 6. LOOM. 8. ACHE. 15. TERSE. 17. SEA. 19. BAG or BAR. 20. LINER. 21. SHOP. 22. DEST.
DOWN.—1. BRAWL. 2. EYCH. 4. POWER. 7. NUTS. 9. HOLE. 10. DECK. 11. SIP. 12. STARS. 13. SHARE. 14. MAY. 16. SLIP. 18. EAR.

WINNING SQUARE

B	E	S	T	L	U	M	P					
R	T	A	R	T	L	O	O	M				
A	C	H	E	T	Y	D	W	U				
W	H	O	L	E	I	D	L	S	T			
L	L		R	E	V	E	R	E	T	E		
	V	E	N	O	M		C	O	P			
S	I			D	U	S	K	Y		M		
T	E	R	S	E		R		S	E	A		
A	W	L		B	A				B	A	Y	
R	L	I	N	E	R		O	R				
S	H	O	P		O	R	E	T				

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point BAG and BAR were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 190, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Saver" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 190, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Note Closing Postmark—SAT., FEB. 24.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, February 24, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mashaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 7. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 190. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

Name .....

Address .....

P.O. Value..... No. .....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME & ADDRESS TO LABEL

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE).

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

22. .....

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear, 1000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS.—80-pp. Illus. Spring Catlog. Post Free. Covers all Depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at lowest prices. Satis. gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-, 48 cups, sets 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

SELL from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B. The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

NEXT time you buy Gramophone Needles get SONGSTER. You will be delighted and never want any other. Loud, Medium, Soft. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios. 6d per 100.—Manufacturers J. Stead & Co. Ltd. Sheffield.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1885 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

A GENUINE wrist watch for 6d. down. A war-time offer at pre-war rates. See Edwards Bros.' offer on page 3.

SAVE WOOD AND PAPER.—Light your fire with a Penn Firelighter. See advert. on page 3.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT *JOHN BULL'S* SHOP WINDOW ON PAGE 3?

There are all kinds of useful articles offered at bargain prices, and you can order with confidence, knowing that each offer is covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on page 29. For instance, RILEY BILLIARD TABLES can be obtained for as little as 8/6 down. Have extra warmth in your greenhouse, garage or A.R.P. shelter with the Stockport Distributing Co.'s new FUMELESS HEATER costing only 10/6. WARM BLANKETS from Lancashire Products, who make a bonus offer to readers. Make EXTRA MONEY by running a CLUB in spare time. ATLAS STORES offer you this splendid opportunity. These and many other interesting announcements appear in

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

YOU will be able to earn more as spare-time agent for us. No risk, no outlay; generous commission and postages paid. See our announcement on page 3 and be sure to write to-night to BESSANTS, OF LEICESTER.

TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to take up profitable spare-time occupation. No risk. No outlay. Equipment provided free. From £2 up to £5 and more can easily be made in just a few minutes each week. Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furnishings and Household Goods, direct from the Warehouse at Warehouse prices, on 1/- weekly terms. — Send postcard for big bargain Catalogue and fullest details, to Dept. J.B.64, Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Manchester, 1.

AN excellent hobby, by which you can make money in 1940. Make new friends and money by running a Littlewood 1/- Club. Without interfering with your work and without risking any capital, a Littlewood Club is a pleasant way of making extra money. Take the first step by getting (1) beautifully illustrated Catalogue of war-time bargains; (2) booklet explaining the easiest way to form and run a Littlewood 1/- Club; (3) complete outfit of stationery, members' cards and forms, etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Littlewood's Spending Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

EMPLOYMENT.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police; study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars or advice about other careers, commercial, technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

A GREAT GUIDE TO CAREERS — FREE.—The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid Administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship or the Public Services. Write to-day.—The School of Accountancy, 569, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

NOW is your chance to get into a Skilled Key Position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, F.A. Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for Reserved Occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of Home preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 362), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

CIVIL Service.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year, ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key Position; make your future sound. It needs Technical Training. We can give you that by post.—Full particulars free: Dept. D.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

MEN who can handle tools, Wood or Metal, Wanted as Teachers of Handicrafts in Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence course will fit you for an appointment. Advice free.—Dept. E.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line. A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London.—W.C.2

REPORTERS and journalists Wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS reqd. urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711) 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY; there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

KAY'S LINSEED COMPOUND frees hard PHLEGM. FREE. Send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage for GENEROUS Free Sample to KAY BROS., LTD., Dept. J.B., Stockport.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (949D) 80, Chancery Lane, London W.C.2.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602) 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

PERSONAL.

MEN, WOMEN PAST 40! FEEL YOUNG as ever. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/3. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots', Timothy White's and Taylor's.

SIMPKINS GLUCOSE MEDICATIONS, the great Protectors against Winter Ills, include FRIAR'S BALSAM LOZENGES for tightness of chest; GLYCERINE OF THYMOL LOZENGES act like a gargle; PINE CATARRH LOZENGES, strong & penetrating; SORE THROAT LOZENGES also relieve laryngitis; T.C.L. (Throat, Chest & Lung) LOZENGES, for bronchial complaints; WIN TABS for coughs & colds, 4d. per roll; also HALIBUT Liver Oil HEXAGONS and STOMACH HEXAGONS in 6d. units (pre-war price). Made by the manufacturers of VITA-GLUCOSE, a more concentrated form of GLUCOSE. From Chemists everywhere.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. prescription.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.10), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 210, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET! If you're run-down, feeling tired, lack pep and attractiveness, learn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.94), Watford, Herts, for an informative Free Book, "Iron Starvation: The Thief of Health and Strength." Write for this to-day!

HOW to get rid of influenza, bronchitis or colds quickly. You cannot do better than take a course of Angier's Emulsion. Prescribed by the Medical Profession for over 40 years, Angier's is highly recommended in the treatment of influenza and related illnesses. It has a tonic, invigorating influence on all the bodily functions, which make it unequalled as a quick and efficient remedy for influenza. Very beneficial, too, for children as well as adults. You can get Angier's at all chemists, prices 1/2, 3/- and 5/-. See page 27.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222N), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

A HAPPY baby means a happy mother. An interesting book, "Every Mother's Book," can be obtained free.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.O.W.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blunden's, Dept. 129G, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

A FREE TEST offer to asthmatics. 500 test supplies of DoDo Asthma Tablets have been set aside for *John Bull* readers to test the excellent results which this remedy produces to cut short a severe asthma attack. No asthmatic reading this should delay in writing for a trial supply. A postcard will do. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The International Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.210 1/3, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MASS PRODUCTION.—Handbills, 2,000 8/6, 5,000 16/3. Printed Notepaper, 250 3/9, 500 5/-. Samples.—Barton Press, Eden Street, Kettering.

GARDENING.

AUGMENT Your Food Ration with health-giving vegetables. New Catalogue of reliable Vegetable and Flower Seeds free.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., Seedsmen (Dept. J.B.), Edinburgh, 7.

STANDARD Roses direct from Growers from 5/- doz. Best varieties with Free Gift offer. See the announcement on page 3.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE advertiser who teaches Pianoforte playing by correspondence is Mr. H. Becker, 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

NOTE to Employers and Employees! Has a National Savings Group been formed in your office works or shop? If not, write, mentioning *John Bull* to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1.

MILLIONS of women have proved that by soaking their clothes in Oxydol suds for 15 minutes they end boiling and cut down washday gas bills by at least two-thirds. But that's not all. The Oxydol "no boil" method means no more headaches from hot steam-filled sculleries. As for whiteness—every Oxydol user will tell you that it washes white clothes whiter than ever. Oxydol is on sale at your shop to-day, 1/-, 6d. and 3½d. See page 6.

ANYBODY who needs a wireless set now will make a very good investment by buying a Murphy set. They give what every listener wants—all the essentials, high performance, outstanding quality of reproduction and minimum cost (hire-purchase terms are available on all models). Call and see your Murphy dealer. He'll be glad to help you in your choice and give you satisfactory service. See page 25.

REGULAR conditioning with Bob Martin's condition powders is the sure way of keeping your dog fit. By ridding his blood of all toxic impurities Bob Martin's will make your dog a "Plus" Dog! The present black-out and rationing may easily upset his health unless you take steps to keep his blood pure. One Bob Martin's Condition Powder once a day will maintain a rich, pure blood supply and make your dog healthy, high-spirited and companionable.

WEETABIX never fails to tempt flagging appetites. Children in particular cannot resist its nutty flavour and crisp crunchiness. Give the children Weetabix at breakfast or at any time of the day. It's the sensible cereal of a hundred uses, made from sun-ripened, double-toasted whole wheat. Served straight from the carton, no cooking—no preparation. Saves on the butter ration, because it is so good with marmalade, honey, or jam. You can still get Weetabix at 6d. and 10½d. from all grocery stores. See page 23.

HOW to brighten the black-out. Here is an interesting way to spend long black evenings and turning every spare minute into spare cash. Get a G.T.L. home chest and home repairing outfit. With it you can make a thousand and one articles for your home and garden, save pounds by doing your own repairs, and you can add to your income by making articles to sell. No experience needed as a valuable free instruction book containing over 200 working illustrations is included in every G.T.L. Tool Chest. Readers of this paper who would like to learn more about this home repairing outfit should write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Guaranteed Tools, Ltd., 12/13, Chiswell Street, London E.C.1 for beautifully illustrated booklet, together with full particulars of a special price offer.

DUTY-FREE Cigarettes and Tobacco for H.M. Forces in France! Send him a "Ten Bob" Parcel of Standard Brands—Wills' Gold Flake, Player's, Capstan, Woodbines or Player's Weights. For Tobaccos, too, include St. Bruno, Waverley, Player's Navy Cut or Wills' Cut Golden Bar. OR a parcel of both cigarettes and tobacco. Parcels can be sent through all high-class tobacconists, or for further particulars relating to full list of brands and prices write to British-American Tobacco, Ltd. Field Force Dept., Dean Stanley Street, London, S.W.1. Remittance in full must accompany all orders.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS
Good News for Mothers
from London Clinic Doctor

Every mother whose child suffers with a cough should heed the words of Dr. A. F., physician to a large London clinic. "I feel I must write regarding the continued good results I am getting with 'Pineate'," he says. "Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child." Parents, too, are unstinted in their praise and gratitude for 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup—the remedy that really does its job.

'Pineate' is ideal for children's coughs; it is delicious to take, and children love it. It stops coughs at once, gives freedom from those heart-rending coughing bouts, and promotes sound sleep. You can give it to the youngest child with perfect safety—and it's just as good for grown-ups, too!

So give your family 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup, mother—and get them well! All chemists sell it at 1/6 a bottle.

To Stop INDIGESTION in 5 minutes
take, after meals, a little

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

Get a 6D. Trial Tin (24 Tablets)

Quick—one dose stops pain.
Sure—never fails to relieve; prescribed by doctors everywhere.
Economical—Large sizes, 1/3d. and 2/6d., even more economical than the 6d. tins.

Commonsense way with RHEUMATISM

Towards middle age the kidneys and liver sometimes begin to "go slow." Waste products clog the system instead of being naturally expelled every day. There lies the danger. Waste matter acts like a virulent poison. It deposits knife-edged acid crystals in the muscles and joints. Soon follow the stabbing torture, the burning pains, the cramped joints of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago.

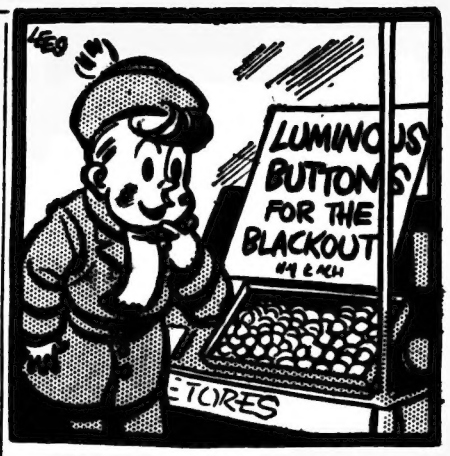
The discovery of the *cause* of rheumatism has brought new hope to thousands of sufferers. "If my pain is due to Nature slowing down," they ask, "surely it will be relieved if Nature is speeded up." And so it proves. Thousands who once endured untold agonies, are enjoying supple health again, simply by taking a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt each morning in a tumblerful of water.

The famous Spa elements in Fynnon Salt, Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, are Nature's own tonic for liver and kidneys. They are also powerful solvents of acid crystals. Thus the cruel rheumatic toxins are quickly released and rinsed away. The pains and stiffness which you feared would plague you to the end of your days, now "disappear into thin air." You are fit and free again. Large tin, a month's supply, 1/3.

IF YOU HAVE PILES

IF you are a victim of Piles, don't despair, relief is at hand! *Germoloids*, the wonderful new internal treatment based on the remarkable healing power of Germolene brand Ointment, will bring relief almost immediately! They work while you sleep. They stop smarting, itching and "burning." They soothe the inflammation. They heal the tender, broken tissues and reduce swelling. Thousands upon thousands are daily finding remarkable ease, even after as long as 25 years' suffering! Experience how wonderful it is to be free from that constant nagging, indescribably tormenting affliction! Try *Germoloids* TODAY!

Germoloids
From Chemists, 1/3 per box



THE KID By LEES

CURATE (Hampshire).—"You may not believe it, but there hasn't been a button in the collection for months." Still, you can always wear a belt.

F. M. (Burnley).—"It is indeed difficult to know where to begin saving money in war time." And how!

R. Y. (Suffolk).—"At our new choral society we play cards, dance and have a wonderful bar." And do your singing on the way home, we suppose?

A. L. (Staffs).—"I was sent to the town hall to report the mayor's speech, but he said absolutely nothing." But you wrote half a column on it?

THE LAST LAUGH!

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

E. K. (Mitcham).—"A woman always insists on getting what she wants." Or what the other woman wants.

Miss F. (Ryde).—"When he wanted to kiss me, I told him that I couldn't stand for that." So you sat on his knee while he did it?

W. M. (Poplar).—"I'm not the man to complain just because the B.B.C. puts on a classical concert now and again." You've not got a wireless set?

P. A (Gloucester).—"The cost of living is getting higher as every day comes along. It really is very depressing." Yes; the only thing that comes down is rain, and even that soaks us.

CYRIL (Watford).—"Last night I had a dream in which I found myself married and the father of twelve children." That sounds like a nightmare to us!

N. E. (Winchester).—"What do you think my girl friend's father said when I asked if I could have his daughter for my wife?" Ask you to bring your wife round for him to look over first?

M. T (Watchet).—"I saw a strange performance at a music-hall the other night—a pianist played while lying stretched on a form." So what? The girl next door to us has always played flat.

F. M. (Essex).—"If there were an explosion at a near-by ammunition factory and my house were blown down, how would I stand?" With difficulty, if you happened to be in it at the time.

O. A. (Park Royal).—"Most modern wives can do no foreign cooking at all." Oh, quite a number can manage French beans, Spanish onions, Brussels sprouts and German sausage.

M. C. (Brent).—"In Borneo, a girl doesn't think much of a suitor until he has brought her a skull as a token of affection." When a chap falls in love, some other fellow loses his head.

A. L. (London).—"The meals I serve in my little restaurant are just what is needed to keep my patrons going." But wouldn't it be better to serve them with something that would keep them coming?

JOURNALIST (London, E.C.).—"There are many visitors to Fleet Street nowadays consulting back files of newspapers." It is a national characteristic to be interested in the weather, and people get a thrill browsing on old forecasts.

D. M. (Thornaby).—"Do you recall a statement by Dr. Goebbels at the beginning of the war that he would broadcast from London on Christmas Day?" Yes. We suppose the B.B.C. turned down the idea.

MR. B. (Darfield).—"I am going to insist that my wife and I have a joint banking account because I regard it as a duty to her." See letter below.

MRS. B. (Darfield).—"My aunt recently left me a large sum of money." See letter above.

F. M. (Kettering).—"What would you say if I told you that I have walked round the world twice?" Take a chair—you must be tired.

BERT (Stepney).—"Every year my uncle invites me to go shooting at his house in the country." Confident that you'll never aim straight enough to hit it?

CHORUS GIRL (Salford). — "Until the other day I didn't know the meaning of foot-and-mouth disease." Did you think it meant a girl who couldn't sing or dance?

YOUNG WIFE (Hunslet).—"I still slip up but I don't burn so much bacon as I used to." Of course not. You don't have so much to burn.

LANDLADY (Altrincham).—"What do you think the caller did when I told him I had no use for his insect powder?" Offered to take a room?

F. V. (Colne).—"Every Friday night I present my wife with my pay envelope and the paper-knife." We suppose you're allowed to watch?

ELSIE (Feltham).—"I know he's a married man, but he has given me sweets, stockings and perfumery. Do you think I ought to give him anything in return?" Yes, a wide berth.

DEALER (Kew).—"There is money in old easy chairs." The shrewd wife knows this and smiles indulgently when her husband sprawls at his ease with his feet elevated to the mantelpiece.

M. J. (Lewes).—"Do you realise that it takes hundreds of workers to put that early bottle of milk at your door in London?" Well, it often sounds as if it does.

PTE. K. (Burnley).—"I was charged with being a deserter, although I sent a telegram to the sergeant-major explaining my absence from barracks." Perhaps you neglected to use the greetings variety?

F. M. (Brentwood).—"I was late getting to barracks this morning because I was chased by an infuriated bull while crossing a field." That ought to have made you get there earlier.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"A special constable said he saw T—— take a FIRE from a counter without paying for it. Later he produced the nozzle and drills."

EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST:—"Unfortunately the CAT was in gear and moved forward."

WOODFORD TIMES:—"The show attracted a large number of VICTIMS."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—". . . and find your bus rushing past you to the Moor-lane CORONER and vice-versa."

CORK EXAMINER:—"Following the appearance of a Swedish patrol boat guarding Swedish territorial waters, the submarine DINED."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The bridesmaid wore a ROCK of pink Angora. . . ."

"Bullets" Illustrated:

When the Siren Went—
Tom-cat Recalled Forgotten "Date"!

Mystery Solution
See page 24

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY arrested Mary Blake. Only Connolly and Smythe knew what was in the major's letters. No one told Mary Blake anything about them.

Yet when Connolly asked her about the woman driver she said: "Whoever is writing these letters knows something, because I have seen him out with her on several occasions."

How did she know what was in the major's letters unless she had written them?

FINE 2-in-1 FIRST for a "Bullet" and EASTER FEASTS GALORE!

£200 CASH plus

£20 plus £10 £5 plus HAMPER £4 plus HAMPER £3 plus HAMPER

EASTER HAMPERS include PLUMP DUCKLING · PEAS · EASTER CAKE · CIGARETTES · WINE

Superb All-wave 'Decca' **RADIOGRAM**

Luxurious All-mains Model in elegant Walnut, giving remarkable radio reception and glorious reproduction of records as well.

DELIVERED IN GOOD TIME FOR EASTER HOLIDAY PROGRAMMES

HOW TO WIN YOUR EASTER PRIZE!

EASTER comes early this year, so special Easter celebration Prizes are already waiting to be won in *Bullets*. For the sender of this week's best *Bullet* there is **£200** cash for Easter spending and a fine Radiogram in time for the holiday programmes. A fine range of Easter Hampers and Easter Ducklings augment the other chief cash prizes, which are followed by hundreds of Surprise Awards and other rewards for good *Bullets*.

To make a "Bullet," you have only to add Two, Three or Four words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

The chief winners in our 1,205th Contest, published on this page, will guide you on the road to success; study their simple yet effective wording, then start on your own efforts and see that your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, **February 24.**

10 of £2 10s. Each plus EASTER DUCKLING

25 of 10/- Each plus EASTER DUCKLING

200 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE 5/- | 2000 OTHER PRIZES

'BULLETS' 1,205 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200, PLUS FREE FAMILY RATIONS:

Mrs. DUBBIN, 4, Victoria Grove, Folkestone.
Example: OUR BOYS
Bullet: "STARS" UPSETTING HITLER'S ASTROLOGERS.

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

W. BROUGHTON, 6, Olivers Mount, Sheffield.
Example: Midst Snow And Ice
Bullet: Flower" Of Heroism's "Blooming."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

M. W. SLAUGHTERN, "Branksome," 10, Eaton Road, Sutton, Surrey.
Example: Hitler Fears
Bullet: Tomorrow—It *Is* Coming!

OTHER PRIZES:

£5: A. ROLWELL, 4, Fisher Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset.
Our Boys—Hope This "Errand's" Final.

£4: H. L. SMITH, Main Street, Killaloe, Co. Clare.
Hitler Fears *British* "Renaming" His Battle-Scares.

£3: L. W. BREWER, "Lauriston," Porthcawl, Glam.
Our Boys—The Dark — Shipping Lanes, Sailors Fighting."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

R. G. ALDRIDGE, 65, Tivoli Crescent, Brighton.
Hitler Fears—Moscow's Granary Supplying Hosts."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. B. CACKETT, 40, Franklin Road, Portslade, Sussex.
Hitler Fears — "Duster" — Won't Risk Brush."

J. L. COONIN, 64, Oldstead Avenue, Hull, Yorks.
Does Come The Heinkel And—Attacked, Defence Threatening *Oars*.

Mrs. FERGUSON, 45, Upper Lloyd Street, Manchester.
Does Come The Axe And—Officials *Sharing* Hotel!

Mrs. H. HILL, 129, Buckland Avenue, Dover, Kent.
Does Come The Ceiling And—Father's Insurance Thawed Cistern!

Mrs. HINDMORE, 429, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.
Food Prices—Of *Bread*, Then Grumble!

STILL BIGGER EASTER OFFER COMING IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

E. A. LINDSAY, Mile Cross, Alexandra Park Avenue, Holywood, Co. Down.
Why Wonder Why—And Pry—And Progress!

Mrs. A. E. TAYLOR, 152, The Street, Broughton, Gifford, nr. Melksham, Wilts.
Apparently Mark Hospital Security"!

Mrs. G. WARD, 262, Lee High Road, London, S.E.
Why Dad Nursed Baby—*Both* Tearing His Hair!

Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 24, Henshaw Road, Kingswood, Bristol.
Lost At Sea—*Your* Butter? *Her* Bread-winner!

Year's Rations Award goes with above prizes from £20 to £3 and Three Months' Rations with each prize of £2 10s.

List of 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-USE STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

N.B. Extra entries on plain paper will be accepted at same rate of entry-fee. Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 36, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword weekly.

ADDRESS LABEL BELOW TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED MAR. 9, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

22

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,209 — Closing postmark, SAT., FEB. 24.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

IF HITLER RULED BRITAIN
ROAD TO VICTORY
ECONOMIC WARFARE
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
SHATTERING BLOW
COMING OVER
FATHER'S ABSENT-MINDED, SO
THE CHANCES ARE
SHOCK FOR THE CUSTOMER
KEPT IN THE DARK
TICKLISH PROBLEM
UP WENT THE PRICE AND
WANTING MORE
IN SPITE OF THE BLACK-OUT
FEAR NO FOE AND
WHEN ATTACKED
TO SHORTEN THE WAR
GERMANY'S PURSE
KING WINTER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH .....
WHEN ..... CALLS
..... OF THE SEA
..... WORDS
TEST OF .....
QUESTION FOR .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,209 Closing postmark SAT., FEB. 24

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,209 or X-Word No. 190 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,209, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY Closing postmark **SATURDAY, FEB. 24.**

RULES. 1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness and originality. The judges undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

How does she keep so SLIM and Healthy

She's healthy, happy and attractively slim, and keeps gloriously fit simply by following the golden rule of taking Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and act in Nature's way. They tone up the digestion, purify the blood and daily remove all fat-forming residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So follow her lead if you want to improve your figure and look your best at all times. Just remember—take your nightly Bile Beans.

"My health is wonderfully improved since taking Bile Beans. They have toned me up, brought healthy colour to my cheeks and made my figure slim and attractive again. The doctor said I couldn't have taken anything finer."—Mrs. B. B., Southsea.

* * *

"Some friends from abroad told me I looked just as slim and youthful as when they left England ten years before. They were greatly impressed when I said I owed it all to Bile Beans. My weight has been reduced by eighteen pounds, and I am ever so fit."—Mrs. W. R., Dewsbury.

By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

F.35 J.B.L. 111 98*

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